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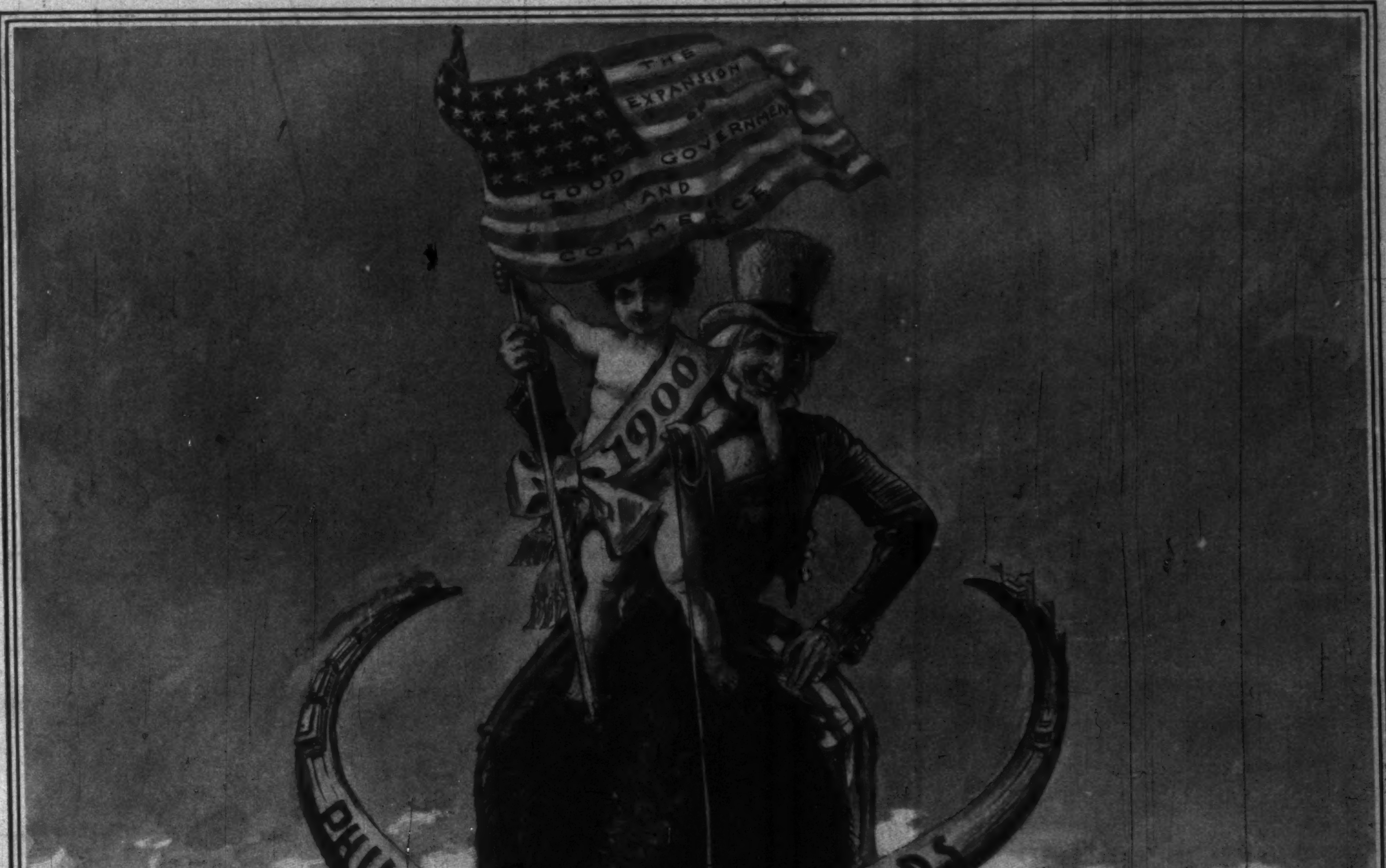
THE EXPANSION OF GOOD GOVERNMENT AND COMMERCE
1900
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS
W. A. Rogers

"AWAY DOWN EAST."

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(*TWENTY-FOUR PAGES*)

NEW YORK CITY, JANUARY 6, 1900

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Secretary Root on the Army

SECRETARY ROOT'S recommendations as to the legislation needed for the army are of the utmost importance. He deals with the subject on the theory that the regular army is primarily a fighting force, and therefore should be made efficient for the purpose for which it is intended. It may seem strange to one who is not familiar with army legislation and management that this attitude of the Secretary's is worthy of mention. It appears to be one of those things that go without saying. But, as a matter of fact, Congress has invariably treated the army as of little consequence, and since its organization it has never been in a fit state of preparation for war. What has been accomplished by it in actual warfare has been due to the exceptional intelligence of the regular officers, to the alertness and quick-mindedness of the volunteers, and to the aptness of the enlisted man, regular and volunteer, in learning the art of the fighter. But preparation for war in the face of the enemy is costly business, as we learned both in the civil war and in the war with Spain; and the cost of such preparation after war with a first-class military power has been declared will be so enormous that we cannot contemplate the consequences without a shudder.

We have now in the regular army, under the temporary act which ceases to operate in 1901, 2248 officers and 61,999 enlisted men. We have also 1524 officers and 33,050 enlisted men in the volunteer force. By the 1st of July, 1901, under existing laws, this volunteer force must be disbanded, and the regular force must be reduced to 26.610. In legislating for the army, Congress must act on the theory that this state of affairs is already upon us, for the army as it will be under the permanent law, and not the army as it is under a temporary act, is the subject of its concern. The Secretary of War expresses the opinion that "while the lessons drawn from the experience of recent war are fresh in our minds, those improvements should be made in the organization of the army"; and those which he suggests are, as we have said, of a kind that will undoubtedly make the army an efficient fighting-machine. Mr. ROOT thinks that his recommendations do not involve a revolutionary change in the organization of the army. So far as the outward shell is concerned this is true, and it is true also so far as the division of responsibility and of administrative and military duties is concerned. If his general plan were adopted, we should have the various staff administrative duties performed by bureaus outwardly like those which we now possess. In fact, however, the proposed changes would transform the army as we have had it in time of peace from a discouraged, inharmonious, scattered, and largely indifferent body of possible soldiers into a real military establishment.

The basic idea of the Secretary's recommendations is that the army should have an opportunity in time of peace to prepare for war, and that to this end the best military minds of the organization should be able to make themselves felt in the tasks of making ready. It is important to note that under the Secretary's plan undue civilian influence and interference with the military establishment would be minimized, and could not work such havoc in actual operations in the field in the presence of an enemy as they have often worked before. The plan proposes that the system of promotion by length of service be partly replaced by selection, "so that the men of superior ability and power may be known and placed in positions involving responsibility and authority." Hitherto on the breaking out of war we have been obliged to overturn the service in order to prevent incompetents, who by years of service had attained high rank, from endangering the country in important commands, and to bring to the top younger men naturally fit for the active work of war. One of the difficulties of the irrational system has been, of course, that officers of middle age whose abilities are unquestioned labor under the disadvantage of having passed their lives in subordinate positions. They have never been permitted to act upon their own judgment, and it is a very exceptional man who, under such circumstances, can immediately throw off the shackles of habitual dependence and rest and act implicitly on his own opinion. Mr. ROOT'S plan would change all this, and would then give to these exceptional men control of the purely military side of the army. It would also give to the officers of the army not only opportunity for the study of the highest problems of their profession, but would give effect to the sifted and approved opinions of the best minds of the service in the selection of places for large camps for the training of troops—camps which are adapted for the mobilization of troops not only for the purposes of training, but for preliminary grouping in actual war. The old way of selecting camp and post sites, it is well known, was by yielding to political or popular pressure. Posts have sometimes been established and maintained for the social privileges they have offered to a neighboring frontier town, and sometimes for the quickened business of the local merchants resulting from the presence of the officers and the troops. Mr. ROOT'S idea is that the camp sites shall be selected and the camps established for purely military purposes, in accordance with "carefully devised and comprehensive plans, one feature of which cousists in determining the points at which troops can most usefully be mobilized for immediate use in case of war, so that by sending troops to them in time of peace we would be doing the very same thing which we have to do in time of urgent necessity, and so that every railroad that is built, every side-track that is laid, and every building that is erected will leave so much less to do when war threatens."

In addition to designating places for the training and mobilization, and in exercising command and supervision over important bodies of troops, the selected officers are to consider and decide upon the material of war with which the army is to be supplied. The present system is entirely wrong. Under the administration of the ordnance corps, for example, we entered upon the war of 1898 without smokeless powder, and practically without ammunition for the defence of our coasts. Under the proposed plan of the Secretary of War the infantry and artillery would have a voice as to the character of the weapons which they, and they alone, are to use. At present they must take what is given to them, and, as a rule, themselves discover the secrets of the arms.

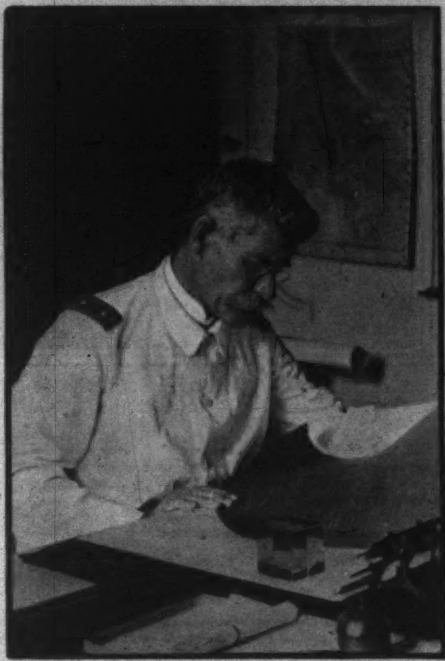
The Secretary recommends the establishment of a war-college, which would resemble in its important feature of study and instruction the General Staff of a European army. This college would be the supervising head of the present service schools, and to it for instruction all officers below the rank of field-officer, not graduates of a service school, would be obliged to resort for some fixed period. The Secretary's plan involves an admirable change in the staff organization—a change which is the adoption of a plan that has worked satisfactorily in the navy. It is, in brief, that all staff duties, except in the medical corps, shall be performed by officers detailed for fixed periods from the line. The appointments for such duties are to be made on efficiency records, and, for the engineer and ordnance corps, after technical examinations. In addition, it is suggested that hereafter only a certain proportion of officers below field rank be promoted according to seniority, and that a specific proportion be promoted on efficiency records or for gallantry. All promotions for efficiency are to be made after proper examinations.

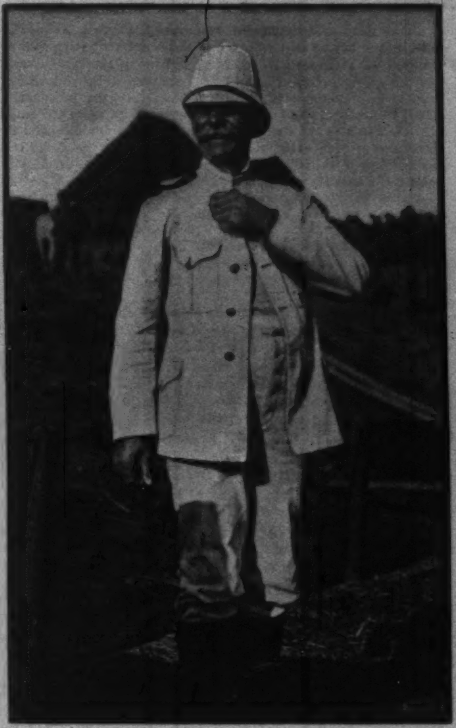
There is the making of an efficient army in this plan, and Congress cannot disregard the Secretary's recommendations without turning its back upon a plain duty. Mr. ROOT, of course, refers to the condition of the artillery, as it has been explained in HARPER'S WEEKLY, and that there will be remedial legislation on this subject is probably certain, for the neglect of this duty would be practically an announcement by the legislative branch of the government that it has no interest whatever in the army. Such a state of the official mind is, of course, not to be assumed.

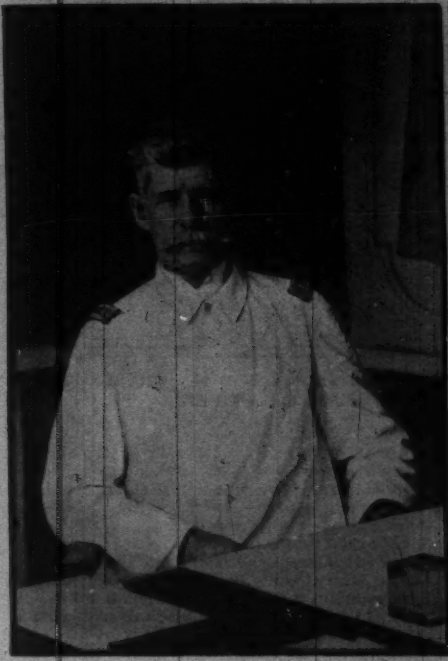
SOME question has been raised as to General BROOKE'S right to the credit of all the reforms that have been worked in Cuba, but that is not important. General BROOKE'S proclamation contains undoubtedly a true recital of the civic achievements of the American military authorities during the time they have been in control of the island. Civil government has been completely organized. Municipal and provincial governments are in the hands of the Cubans. Cities that were once the fruitful breeders of yellow and other fevers, and were always filthy, have been cleaned and made healthy. Archaic laws have been repealed, and laws adapted to modern life have taken their place. The thieving practices and exactions of the Spanish custom-house officials have ceased, and Cuban merchants, for the first time in the history of their island, know what it is to pay on their imports not the indefinite tax determined on each occasion by the cupidity or the necessities of the Spanish Captain-General or Collector, but merely the taxes imposed by law. The courts have been reorganized and reopened, and, as General BROOKE says, "law and order rule." The contrast between the present condition of the island and the conditions which obtained when Generals BROOKE, WOOD, WILSON, LUDLOW, and DAVIS set up their governments, general and local, is a splendid proof of the honesty and capacity of our army officers, and of the ability of some of them in civil administration.

THE movement in New York for the beautifying of the city is one of the most hopeful signs of the times. In many ways and from many different points of view the effort is inspiring. In the first place—as we said last week of the DEWEY or naval arch—it is a fine expression of the democracy. It indicates an æsthetic advance under a form of government which all its detractors and many of its friends have thought to be necessarily deficient in the spirit which encourages art, or even to be hostile to æsthetic influences. We have given excuse for this opinion in the tariff tax on works of art, in which Congress has justified the opinion that it regards the calling of the painter or the sculptor as one of the mechanical or industrial trades which are frankly protected for commercial and material ends. But, owing to the freedom of the individual under the democratic form of government—the freedom to make the most of himself—united with the enormous advantages actually granted for general cultivation, the artist has been developed; and besides, by very reason of the diffusion of culture throughout the country, he has made his way to a point of influence—to a point where he is beginning to be accepted even by the crudest of our politicians not only as a master in his calling, but as a teacher in matters of taste. We have seen the growth of this artistic influence and power especially in municipal life, in the appointment of committees of artists to determine the value of statues and other works of art, and in the growing habit to turn to artists for advice and even direction in the decoration of cities on festal occasions. These signs make the movement of which we are speaking a hopeful one. Municipal life in this country is to grow more and more beautiful, and this is being brought about in the true democratic way, through the forceful influence of those of the people whose nature and training make them artists, and not through the old way of patronage by government. When our government finally recognizes art as one of the proper expressions of public life, it will be because the people have demanded that their streets and squares and buildings shall be decorative.

THE President has recommended again the appointment of a commission charged with the duty of investigating commercial conditions in China, and a bill is now before the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations the object of which is to carry out Mr. MCKINLEY'S purpose. It is to be hoped that this bill will become a law, and that the suggested appropriation of $35,000 will be made. It is a small sum to pay for the information that can be obtained by an intelligent commission. Trade between this country and China is growing enormously—more rapidly, indeed, than trade between China and any other country. In ten years our export and import trade with China has increased in value of goods from about $23,000.000 to $35,000,000, and there is no reason why the rate of increase for the next ten years should not be much greater than that of the ten years since 1889. The extent of trade with such a country depends to a great degree on the knowledge possessed by our merchants of its trade conditions, of its resources, its facilities, its wants, and it also depends a good deal upon the relations existing between the two governments. Much has been published about the resources of China, but very little that is definite or thoroughly trustworthy. There is something to be corrected, and a good deal more to be discovered, and the work of correction and discovery must be done by an official body representing a friendly power. We should expect very important results from a judiciously selected commission, having at least one member already possessing an intimate knowledge of the empire, its governors, and its people.







HENRY W. LAWTON

The Soldier & the Man

By FRANKLIN MATTHEWS

THE people of the United States were shocked on December 19, when a cable message from General Otis, in Manila, to the War Department, announced the death in action on the day before, at San Mateo, in the island of Luzon, thirteen and a half miles northeast of Manila, of Major-General Henry W. Lawton, the foremost fighter of the American army. General Otis's despatch closed with the words, "Great loss to us and to his country."

For nearly forty years Lawton had been in the army, and no man wearing its uniform had done harder, more brilliant, and more dangerous work. Until within a year and a half the country scarcely knew him. The people had heard of him thirteen years ago as a fearless Indian-fighter, but that work was wellnigh forgotten. If it had been asked who it was, away back in the eighties, had captured the devilish Apache leader Geronimo, probably the most cruel, crafty, and treacherous Indian this country ever had to deal with and punish, not one person in a thousand outside of the army could have recalled Lawton's name. After he had taken El Caney in the Santiago fight of July 1, 1898, the country rubbed its eyes and learned to respect and admire him as a military man of broad scope, a clever tactician, a persistent fighter, a man of indomitable bravery and will power—a real general. Later, when he went to the Philippines, and like a whirlwind swept the Filipinos before him, scattering them like chaff, running down and capturing their leaders until even Aguinaldo himself, stripped of his escort, family, and personal followers, was compelled to flee into the mountain fastnesses in disguise, then it was that at last the American people found out Lawton, and began to love him and estimate him at his true worth.

Lawton was "only a soldier," as he said himself, in the presence of the President, to an audience in Montgomery, Alabama, after the Cuban campaign had closed—but such a soldier! On the trail of a treacherous foe he was a veritable blood-hound. In the presence of an enemy who would fight true and bravely he was a lion-hearted Richard. With a conquered opponent he was just, magnanimous, and even gentle. Fear in battle he never seemed to know. He did not scorn the enemy's bullets; his mind was keyed to a higher pitch. He wanted to win. Where the danger was greatest, there was Lawton on the outermost edge of the fighting-line. He braved danger not because he was foolhardy, not because he wanted to win promotion, and probably not so much to set an example to his men, as because he could do no other thing and be himself.

Perhaps the greatest tribute that can be paid to Lawton is that he never ordered the humblest private to endure privations and dangers he did not share himself. He always led his men. The wonder was not that he was killed at San Mateo, but that he was not killed before. From a military point of view he was fortunate in his life and fortunate in his death. The "glory of dying in battle" was his. He died as he would have chosen to die, had the choice been his. He was the only general officer killed since hostilities with Spain and the Filipinos began, and when the fatal bullet pierced his heart the clerks were making out his commission as a Brigadier-General in the regular army, his country's reward for faithful work as a soldier. Truly his death was a "great loss to his country."

Lawton was in his fifty-sixth year, and since April, 1861, had been a soldier, with the exception of a short time after the civil war closed, when he entered the Harvard Law School, in doubt whether a commission in the regular army would be made out for him. He was a remarkable man in appearance, a splendid target, and it was strange that no bullet found him sooner. He was six feet three inches tall, and he weighed more than two hundred pounds. His jaw was square, his lips thin, his eyes gray, his cheek-bones prominent, his forehead high and narrow; his hair was tinged with gray and his mustache was nearly white. He was not handsome, but his striking face displayed his characteristics minutely. Thick as to his chest, long as to arms and legs, erect and straight in his carriage, he was supple as a youth, and his giant frame matched his courageous heart. He could go without food and sleep for days, and there seemed no limit to his tireless energy. He was of violent temper when he was aroused, and he did not mince his words when angered. A strict disciplinarian, his men loved him and obeyed him implicitly. He was simply one of them. They endured hunger and thirst, and even walked the shoes off their feet, because Lawton wanted them to do so rather than give up. The Indians called him "Man-who-gets-up-in-the-night-to-fight," "Charging Buffalo," and "Mad Bear," and those names were eminently fit for him. He was big in frame, big in heart, and knew nothing, cared for nothing, but devotion to his country and her arms.

United States Senator Beveridge was quoted, the day after Lawton's death, as saying that Lawton said to him one day last summer while at the front in the Philippines:

"I suppose I shall be killed some day. But that is part of a soldier's profession. We who go to be soldiers of the republic understand this thoroughly."

There was nothing showy in Lawton's manner of command. He did not like dress parades. Senator Beveridge, who was with him daily for several weeks in the Philippines, says that when he ordered the South Dakota regiment into action at Taytay he rode quietly across the field and said to the colonel, "Get your men into town!" To the Twelfth regulars' major he said, "Get your men on the move, Major!" Then he went with them. When he saw his men in danger he warned them, but took no thought of himself. He had escaped so often himself that it seemed as if he bore a charmed life; but he did not think of that. Whenever possible, he did his own scouting. He wanted to see himself where he would have to send his men. In the dead of night he stole up the Pasig River into Laguna de Bay, in peril every minute of the trip. He would climb into a church belfry at daybreak to spy out the land. He would not listen to withdrawal once he had begun to fight. When word came from General Shafter at El Caney to stop fighting, after Lawton had been at it for eight hours, and to go to the support of the troops at San Juan Hill, he shouted, "I can't quit." Then, while the aide went back for written orders, he gave the command, "Forward as skirmishers!" and in half an hour carried the Spanish stronghold. In the later days of the Philippine fighting he made himself especially conspicuous by wearing a white helmet, and on the day he was killed he made himself the better mark by walking about in a long yellow rain-coat. He seemed unconscious of his increased danger because of his costume, and would not sell his helmet to one of his subordinates who offered him $15 for it, in the desire to lessen the general's chances of being hit.

It is impossible to crowd into a short space any adequate account of what Lawton did as a soldier. He was eighteen when he left college to enlist as a sergeant in Company E of the Ninth Indiana ninety-days regiment, immediately after Fort Sumter was fired upon. On August 21, his first enlistment having expired, he became a First Lieutenant in the Thirtieth Indiana, and he came out of the war in 1865 a Lieutenant-Colonel and a brevet Colonel. He fought at Shiloh and Corinth and Chickamauga. He went on the march through Georgia. At Atlanta he attracted especial attention by his bravery. He won his medal of honor "for gallant and meritorious service." He led a charge of skirmishers against the enemy's rifle-pits and captured the place. Twice he resisted desperate attacks of the enemy to retake the ground. He fought also at Philippi, Laurel Hill, Cheat River, and was in many engagements under Grant, Sherman, Buell, and Rosecrans. All those officers knew him and his work well, and Sherman and Sheridan were among his warmest supporters in his effort, after the war was over, to secure a commission in the regular army.

Lawton secured his commission as a Second Lieutenant on July 28, 1866, in the Forty-first Infantry. He became a First Lieutenant on July 31, 1867. In 1869 he was transferred to the Twenty-fourth Infantry. In 1871 he was sent to the Fourth Cavalry, and at that time it has been said that General Mackenzie said of him: "I like that new Lieutenant of mine, Lawton. Unless I am very wide of the mark, he will prove a great soldier." Lawton served in the many Indian campaigns of the West for twenty years. He fought against the Sioux, the

LAWTON GOING ABOARD THE ARMORED LAUNCH "FLORIDA" AT CALUMPIT, OCTOBER 16, 1899.

GENERAL LAWTON AND MAJOR HOWARD AT CALUMPIT.

Utes and other tribes. He did not become a Captain until 1879, and it was not until 1886 that his great chance came. The bloodthirsty Apaches under Chief Natchez, but really under the lead of the crafty and cruel medicine-man Geronimo, were on the war-path. General Crook had failed to catch the band. The War Department thought one of his messages insolent, and General Miles was sent out to take Crook's place. Miles thought the way to catch Geronimo was to pursue him with a band as tireless as that of the Indians themselves, and with a man at the head who would die rather than give up. He selected Lawton for this work.

It was a terrible task, but Lawton succeeded. Once he had Geronimo in his possession, but at night the Indian and his followers broke away after killing several soldiers on guard. Enraged beyond restraint, Lawton started on the trail again, a veritable fury. Across desert and mountain, through ravines and over plains, the hunt went on. Without food or drink for days sometimes, the pursuers kept on. There was no rest for Geronimo. The soldiers became barefoot. They killed their mules for food, and at last, after a chase of 1386 miles, the wily Apache was cornered in the mountains of Mexico, into which our troops had penetrated by special permission.

Geronimo surrendered on condition that his life and those of his followers should be spared. The triumphant Lawton gave his pledge, and the government kept it. He brought the captured Indians to San Antonio, and this description by a fellow-officer, printed in the New York *Times* of December 20, not only pictures the scene of their arrival graphically, but reveals the manner of man Lawton was, and shows what his campaigning meant:

> He stood on the government reservation at San Antonio, surrounded by the tawny savage band of Chiricahua Apaches whom he had hunted off their feet. The squat figures of the hereditary enemies of the whites grouped about him came only to his shoulders. He towered among them, stern, powerful, dominant—an incarnation of the spirit of the white man, whose war-drum had beaten around the world. Clad in a faded, dirty fatigue-jacket, a greasy flannel shirt of gray, trousers so soiled that the stripe down the leg was barely visible, broken boots, and a disreputable sombrero that shaded the harsh features burned almost to blackness, he was every inch a soldier and a man. To the other officers at the post the Indians paid no sort of attention. To them General Stanley and his staff were so many well-dressed lay figures, standing about as part of a picture done for their amusement; but the huge, massive man with the stubble on his chin had shown them that he was their superior on hunting-grounds that were theirs by birthright, and they hung upon his lightest word.

Then came a life of comparative ease for Lawton. In 1888 he was made a Major and Inspector-General, and he lived most of the time in Washington until the Spanish war came. He secured a place in the line in the volunteer forces, and fought as a Brigadier-General in command of the division that took El Caney. His work there is too fresh to need detailed narration. His health became impaired after the fighting, and he took a rest. He had been made a Major-General of Volunteers; on January 19, 1899, he left on the transport *Grant* for Manila. He did not get into the fighting in the Philippines until April 22, but when he started he was a whirlwind. He fought twenty-two fights in twenty days. He captured twenty-eight towns. He killed 400 of the enemy. He took Santa Cruz, San Rafael, and the insurgent capital, San Isidro. President McKinley sent him his especial congratulations for his work when the rainy season had stopped the fighting. Readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY who have followed its special correspondence from the Philippines need no recapitulation of his more recent work. His sweeping march to the north in Luzon, up beyond Cabanatuan and Arayat, his swift, irresistible advance, the capture of members of Aguinaldo's family and cabinet, the scattering of the insurgents, and the flight of Aguinaldo himself marked Lawton's charge. His men again were barefoot, and again they lived off the country. For days he and his soldiers were missing—they were on the pursuit with relentless vigor.

Then quickly Lawton returned to Manila, and on Monday night, December 18, in a driving storm, he set out for San Mateo. General Otis at first forbade the movement, on account of the weather, but Lawton pleaded with him, and he went to his death. He was killed as his troops were taking the town, and after it was all over they bore his body to a building, and one by one filed by his corpse for a last look at his face, the tears running down their cheeks.

No record of Lawton should be made without mention of a dramatic incident that followed his death. He had been quoted far and wide as saying that he wished "this accursed war" would stop. His friends say he really used the expression, "this damned war." It was interpreted to mean that he did not sympathize with the war on the Filipinos. He was entirely misunderstood. As if it were a voice from the grave, former Minister to Siam, John Barrett, read a letter from him, written in November last, at the New England dinner in New York on December 22. He wrote:

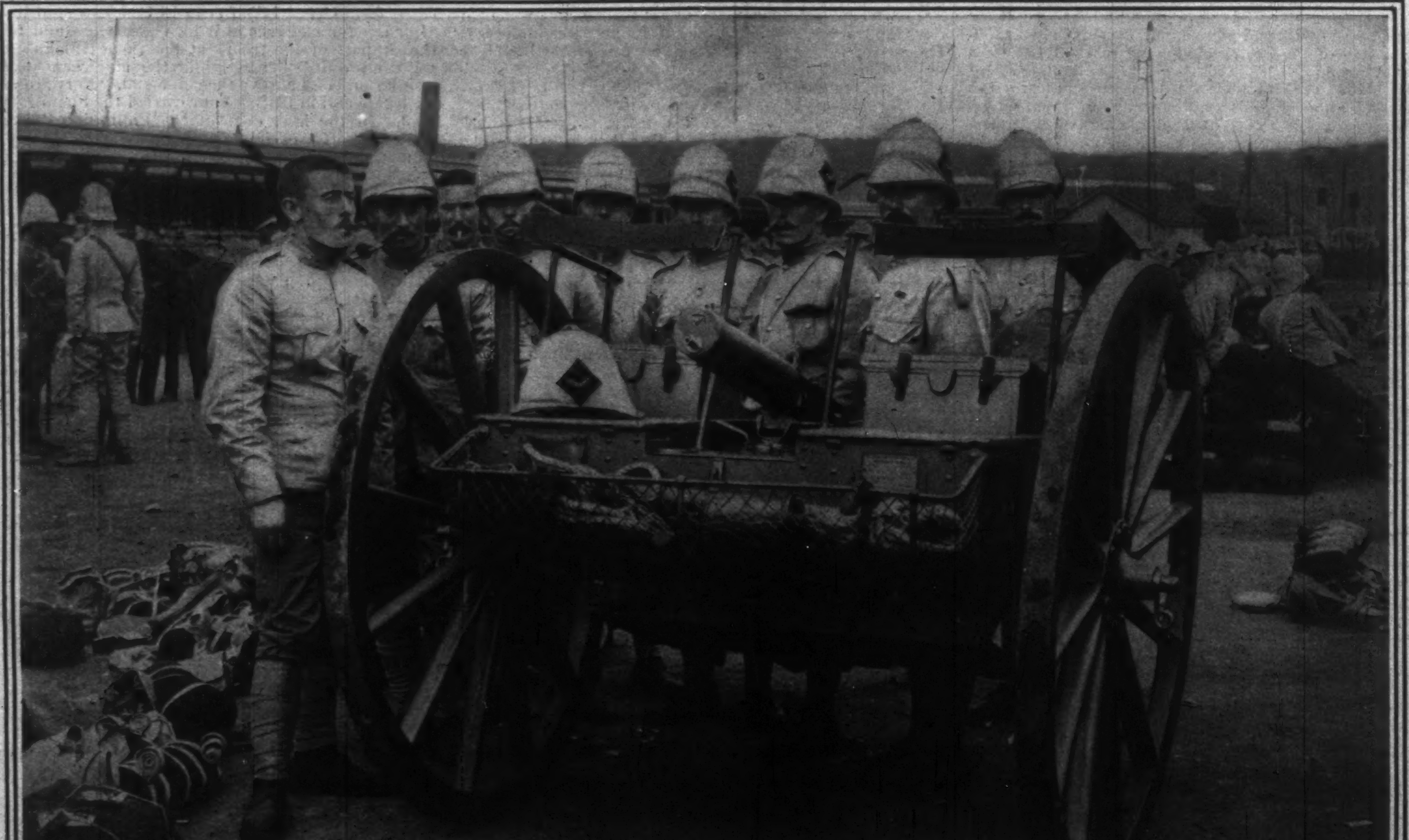
> I would to God that the whole truth of this whole Philippine situation could be known by every one in America as I know it. If the so-called anti-imperialists would honestly ascertain the truth on the ground and not in distant America, they, whom I believe to be honest men misinformed, would be convinced of the error of their statements and conclusions, and of the unfortunate effect of their publications here. If I am shot by a Filipino bullet, it might as well come from one of my own men, because I know from observations, confirmed by captured prisoners, that the continuance of fighting is chiefly due to reports that are sent out from America.

GENERAL LAWTON GIVING INSTRUCTIONS ON THE AMMUNITION-FLOAT, ARAYAT.

This summary has been made of Lawton's genius by the military friend whom I have quoted already, and with eloquent force it marks the man:

> The man of El Caney is the reincarnation of some shining, helmeted, giant warrior who fell upon the sands of Palestine in the First Crusade, with the red blood welling over his corselet and his two-handed battle-sword shivered to the hilt. The race type persists unchanged in eye, in profile, in figure. It is the race which in all the centuries the Valkyrs have wafted from the war decks—the white-skinned race, which, drunk with the liquor of battle, reeled around the dragon standard at Senlac, which fought with Richard Grenville, which broke the Old Guard at Waterloo, which rode up the slope at Balaklava, which went down with the *Cumberland* at Hampton Roads, which charged with Pickett at Gettysburg—the race of the trader, the financier, the statesman, the inventor, the colonizer, the creator, but, before all, the fighter.

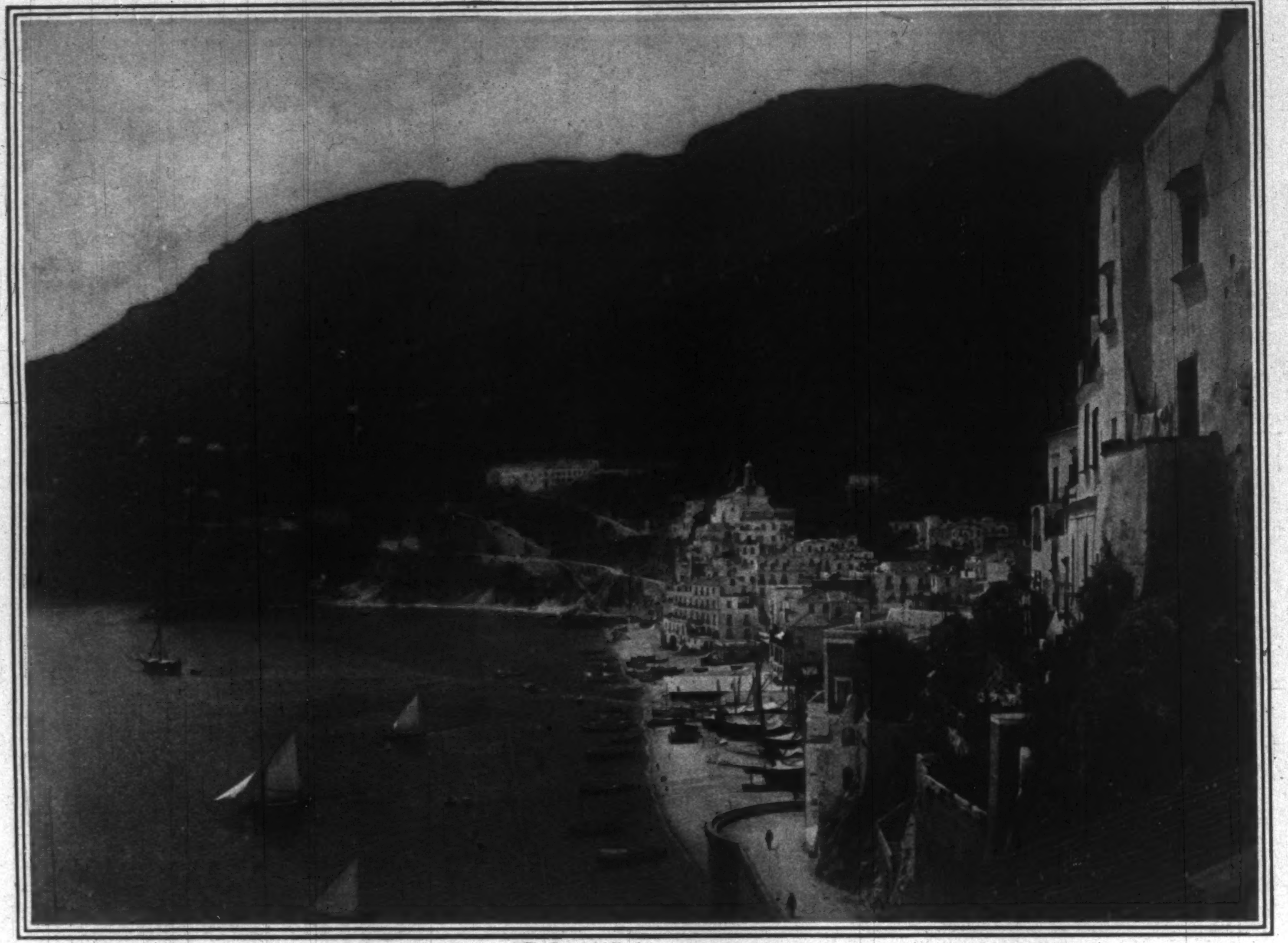
General Lawton leaves a widow and four children—one boy and three girls. He never had time to accumulate property. Without doubt Congress will provide a suitable pension for his widow, and already sympathetic friends are raising a fund to place her beyond the possibility of want. No grand monument can add honor to Lawton's memory. Such a testimonial, however, could honor the country for which he fought and died.



THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA—THE MAXIM-GUN DETACHMENT OF THE YORKSHIRE REGIMENT.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA—COMMUNICATING WITH KIMBERLEY BY SEARCH-LIGHT.

From a Sketch by Lester Ralph, Orange River, Cape Colony.



The Cappuccini Hotel.

AMALFI, ON THE GULF OF SALERNO, ITALY.

A Landslide which occurred there on the Afternoon of December 22 precipitated the Cappuccini and Santa Calerina Hotels and many Houses into the Sea. A Number of People were engulfed in the Ruins, and four Vessels at Anchor in the Harbor were sunk.

All-America's Fair

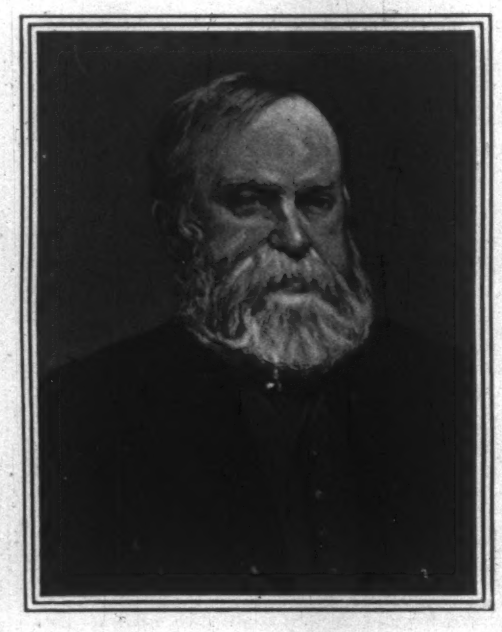
A LITTLE more than two years before the outbreak of the war with Spain, Harper's Weekly took up the subject of the Latin-American colonies and republics, not only inviting attention to certain interesting groups of our fellow-men, whose manners and forms of address, whose motives and philosophy of life, seemed at first glance to be somewhat at variance with our own, but also suggesting that closer and more sympathetic observation might yield a delightful experience. "Here, it seems to us," said the Weekly on March 21, 1896, "is an extraordinary opportunity offered to the American novelists. In the Spanish-American types a new field would seem to lie open to those talents that have been admirably busied with the Southern mountaineer, the New-Englander, the negro, the Western miner and cowboy. A curious problem is to be worked out in this hemisphere—perhaps one of the most important problems of the future, both for the United States and for the republics lying south of us. This new world has made strange bedfellows. The problem confronts us now, and extends indefinitely into the future, for it grows out of the juxtaposition of races that have difficulty in understanding each other, yet somehow must reach an *entente*. The whole field lies open to peaceful literary conquest."

Of course the events of 1898 have made these words more significant now than when they were written; we see now where certain mistakes in the conduct of the war might easily have been avoided, and we are beginning to realize that one-half the weight of our present task in the West Indies is just a burden imposed by our own ignorance of local conditions.

The lesson of this experience has not been lost upon the managers of the Pan-American Exposition, which is to be held at Buffalo in 1901. The director-general, Mr. W. I. Buchanan, in conversation with the present writer, dwelt especially upon the importance of maintaining a correct attitude towards our sister republics—such an attitude as would be the natural result of the "closer and more sympathetic observation" just referred to. He thought, for example, that in the discussions of the relations between the United States and the various nations beyond our southern boundary an emphasis altogether too insistent had been put upon the question "How much can we sell to them?" An inquiry that would be heard with greater pleasure in those countries with which his diplomatic service has so thoroughly familiarized him would take the form, "How much can *they* sell to *us*?"

It will not be a good answer if we say, "Imports must pay for exports; in the long-run it makes little difference whether we lay stress on selling or buying; who sells largely buys freely." On the contrary, it makes a great difference. Of two messengers, one comes before an old-fashioned autocrat, crying, "May the king never die!" He is punished for the ugly suggestion of death. The other cries, "May the king live forever!" He is rewarded. Take the point of view of a South-American President for a minute. President Roca cabled to Mr. Buchanan, on December 22; "I have read your letter with great pleasure. The Argentine republic accepts the invitation to participate in the exposition, and I may, perhaps, be your guest at that time. Affectionate greetings from Julio A. Roca." The words which might have been left out for economy's sake seemed to him precisely the most indispensable.

The simple fact is that superior generosity and considerateness, not less than superior business enterprise, have secured the South-American trade for European merchants. There is no question—or rather there should be none—in regard to the attractions of this field for our legitimate and friendly efforts, and for that kind of competition which has results of the highest value for all parties concerned. Those who, in the fashion of the day, overvalue our prospects in China and the Far East generally, as though their claims upon our attention were incomparably superior, simply do not know the facts; but we have only ourselves to blame that when one of us to-day speaks with a South-American about the still indefinite plans for an isthmian canal, our Latin-American friend will be apt to answer, "Whether the canal is located in Nicaragua or Panama, the limits of the United States will be extended so as to include it and all the territory between." And we have to thank the greedy tone of our references to South-American trade for the impression which prevails, especially in Brazil, Chile, and Argentina, to the effect that there is a *peligro del norte*—that some of the republics on the other side of the equator feel the need of drawing together in order to be ready to defend themselves against the aggressive North-Americans.



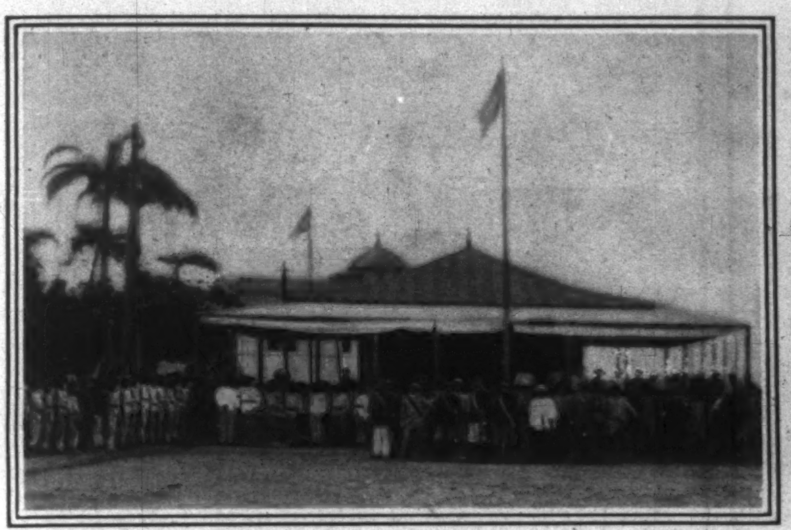
DWIGHT L. MOODY.

Born February 5, 1837. Died December 22, 1899.

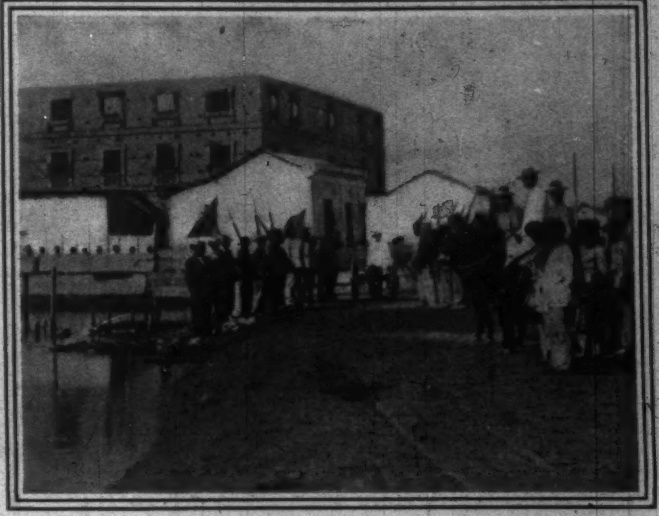
See Page 17.

In other words, the management of the Pan-American Exposition, recognizing the difficulty of its undertaking "to bring into closer communion the peoples of the Western Hemisphere, and to illustrate the material progress of the New World during the nineteenth century," shows a courteous spirit which will be appreciated in South America, and will count for more there than anything else except good literature. The Pan-American architecture, of which we reproduce certain details in this issue, is in itself a compliment to all people of Spanish blood who have ever built palaces and missions in Andalusia, in Mexico, or in California, for it is frankly Southern in plan and coloring.

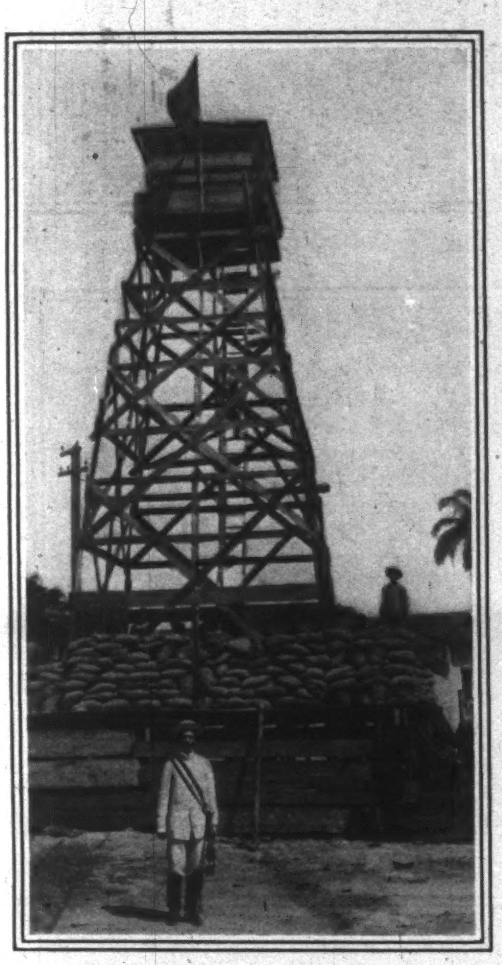
If one-half of the architects' hopes are to be realized, it will be a very charming enclosure in which evidences of material progress will be displayed during the pleasant months of 1901. Let us think, for example, how little promise of artistic treatment there is in the department of Machinery and Transportation, and then let us think of the design for a machinery and transportation building in a type of Spanish renaissance, forming a hollow square with arcades on all sides; in the interior a court adorned by a long pool of water, with a fountain and beautiful plants in the centre. This sheet of water, "with its calm reflection and its atmosphere of quiet restfulness," as the architect expresses it, is at the very heart of Machinery and Transportation—an admirable conceit! Now add that the roofs are to be of red Spanish tile, the walls covered with glowing colors, the façades arcaded like mission cloisters. Eaves with great overhangs will give deep shadows, contrasting with the light reds and yellows in the color scheme; the loggias, balconies, and pavilions are to be ornamented with shrubs, vines, and flowers; in the openings wrought-iron screens will recall that beautiful feature of domestic architecture in Seville, let us say.



GENERAL PAREDES AND STAFF IN FRONT OF HIS HEADQUARTERS.



BARRICADE IN FRONT OF THE CHURCH.



THE WATCH-TOWER.

Battle of Puerto Cabello

AFTER President Andrade had been driven from Venezuela by the successful revolutionist Castro, General Paredes continued to hold Puerto Cabello, nominally in the interest of his defeated and self-exiled master, though actually as security for the payment of a sum of money. On November 7, General Castro sent Bolívar Ruiz and Eduardo Gonzales under a flag of truce to propose terms of surrender. Paredes was quite willing to meet the views of these gentlemen in all other respects, but when they spoke vaguely about efforts to raise $35,000 for distribution among his officers and soldiers, he declined to be trifled with, found a pretext for placing Bolívar Ruiz under arrest, and notified Castro that his peace commissioner would be shot the moment the threatened attack on the city should begin.

Protests were made by the minister of Colombia (to which country Ruiz owed allegiance), and by the United States consul, with the result that Ruiz's life was spared, though he was not set at liberty.

Castro's next step was to notify all foreign ministers that the Venezuelan forces would attack Puerto Cabello by land and sea on the morning of the 10th; Paredes, for his part, sent studiously irritating messages to his antagonist, for he had barricaded the streets, and boasted that with his 500 men he could hold the place for years.

The United States cruiser *Detroit* and the British cruiser *Pearl* arrived in the harbor on November 9, finding there a German school-ship and a Dutch gunboat. A number of foreigners took refuge on board these vessels.

Late in the evening of November 10 General Gonzales, commanding the government forces at Palito, a small town about six miles distant, received an order to move forward and attack Puerto Cabello; by midnight his guns were in position on every street that entered the city. Cautiously and slowly the troops advanced in several columns, pushing the cannon before them, and it was nearly three o'clock in the morning when they opened fire on the barricades.

It seemed for a time that Paredes would make good his boast, for his men replied with such a rapid fire that the attacking parties were driven into the houses. From four o'clock A.M. until noon the action was vigorously sustained on both sides, General Gonzales keeping his troops under cover of the houses as much as possible.

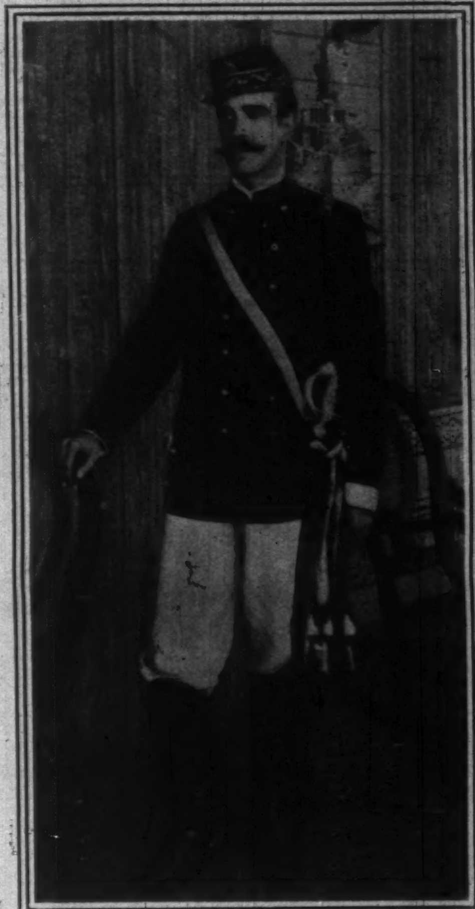
In order to get nearer to the barricades, the government troops burrowed through the house-walls, and thus succeeded in flanking the defenders. Seven barricades were captured in the course of the morning, the most serious loss to the government party being the death of General F. S. Muñoz, who fell during the advance. From one o'clock P.M. until four, Paredes held his ground and kept the government troops busy; before the evening, however, he discovered that almost all of his ammunition—about 70,000 rounds—had been used up, and he was obliged to withdraw to Fort Liberator.

The Venezuelan navy was also called upon to inflict such injury as it could upon an attractive town. The gunboats *Bolívar* and *Crespo* arrived off the harbor about eleven o'clock A.M., and immediately commenced bombarding.

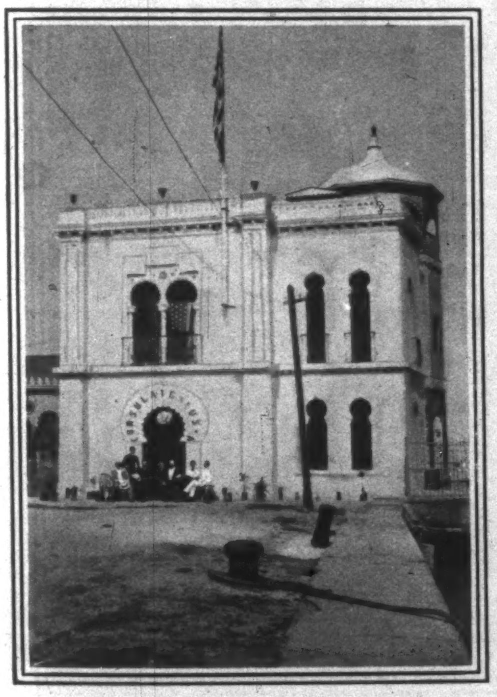
On the morning of the 12th the city of Puerto Cabello was in the hands of the government troops, but it took several shots from the gunboat *Bolívar* to induce Paredes to surrender. At nine o'clock A.M. Ruiz was released. Then a white flag was hoisted above Fort Liberator, and all the war ships—Venezuelan as well as foreign—steamed into port. Then the ships' surgeons had their turn, for more than five hundred persons had been killed or wounded. Many shops and private residences had been destroyed or badly damaged.

In the distribution of rewards and penalties which followed, General Gonzales was made chief of the Puerto Cabello district, while General Paredes was carried as a prisoner of war to Caracas. Bolívar Ruiz received the appointment which he especially coveted, and, according to the latest advices, was military and civil governor of the state of Carabobo. The Venezuelan gunboat which took the more conspicuous part in the little bombardment was laid up with a complaint locally described as "burnt boilers."

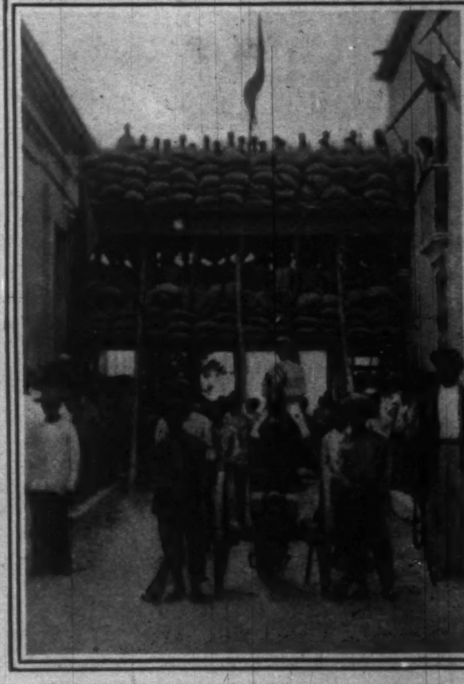
Castro had carried his point at this town, which for the moment seemed to be the only remaining stronghold of the opposition. His subsequent experience with the partisans of General Hernandez has continued to illustrate the methods by which political candidates may secure office without taking the trouble to count votes.



GENERAL PAREDES.

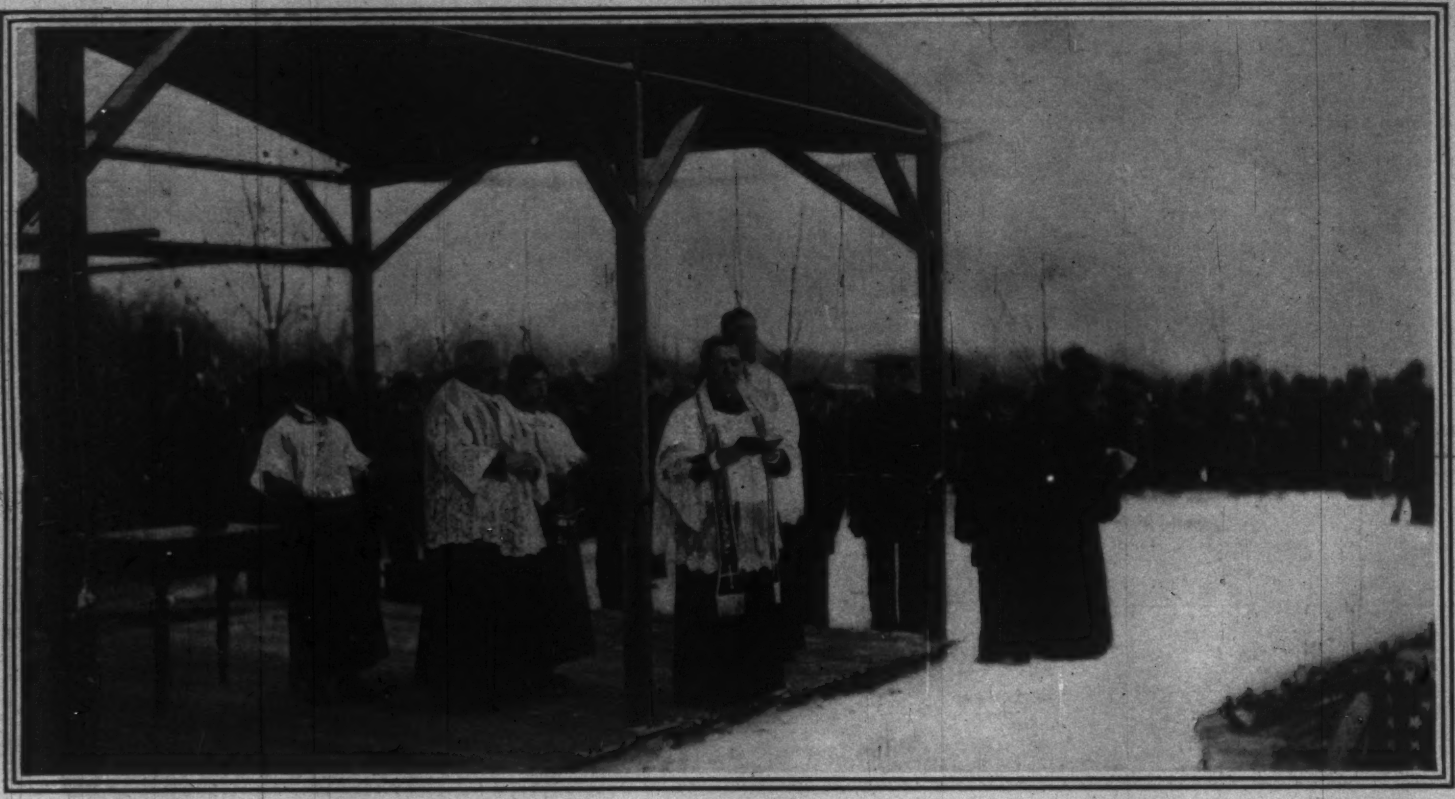


THE UNITED STATES CONSULATE.

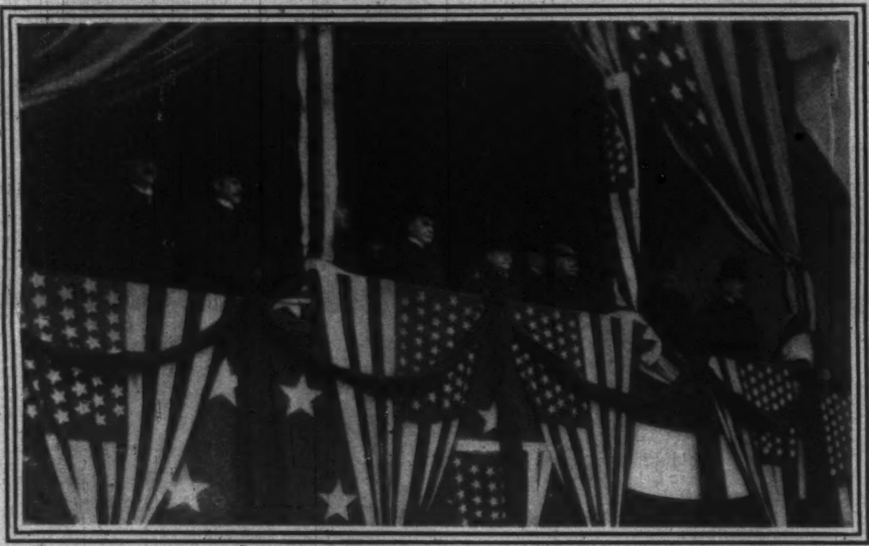


BARRICADE OF THE MAIN STREET.

THE VENEZUELAN REVOLUTION—SCENES IN PUERTO CABELLO.

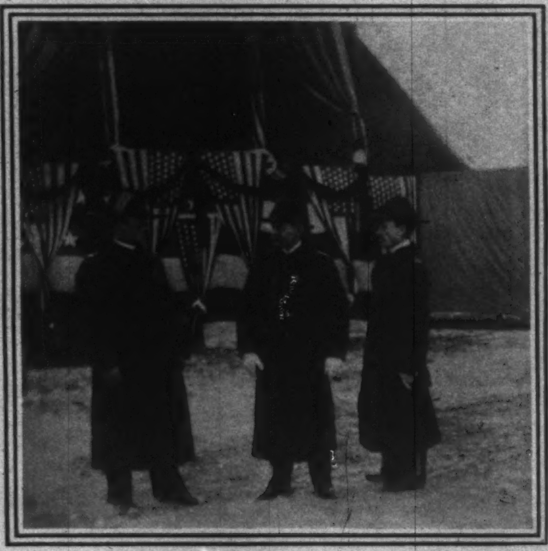


CHAPLAIN CHIDWICK READING THE BURIAL SERVICE.

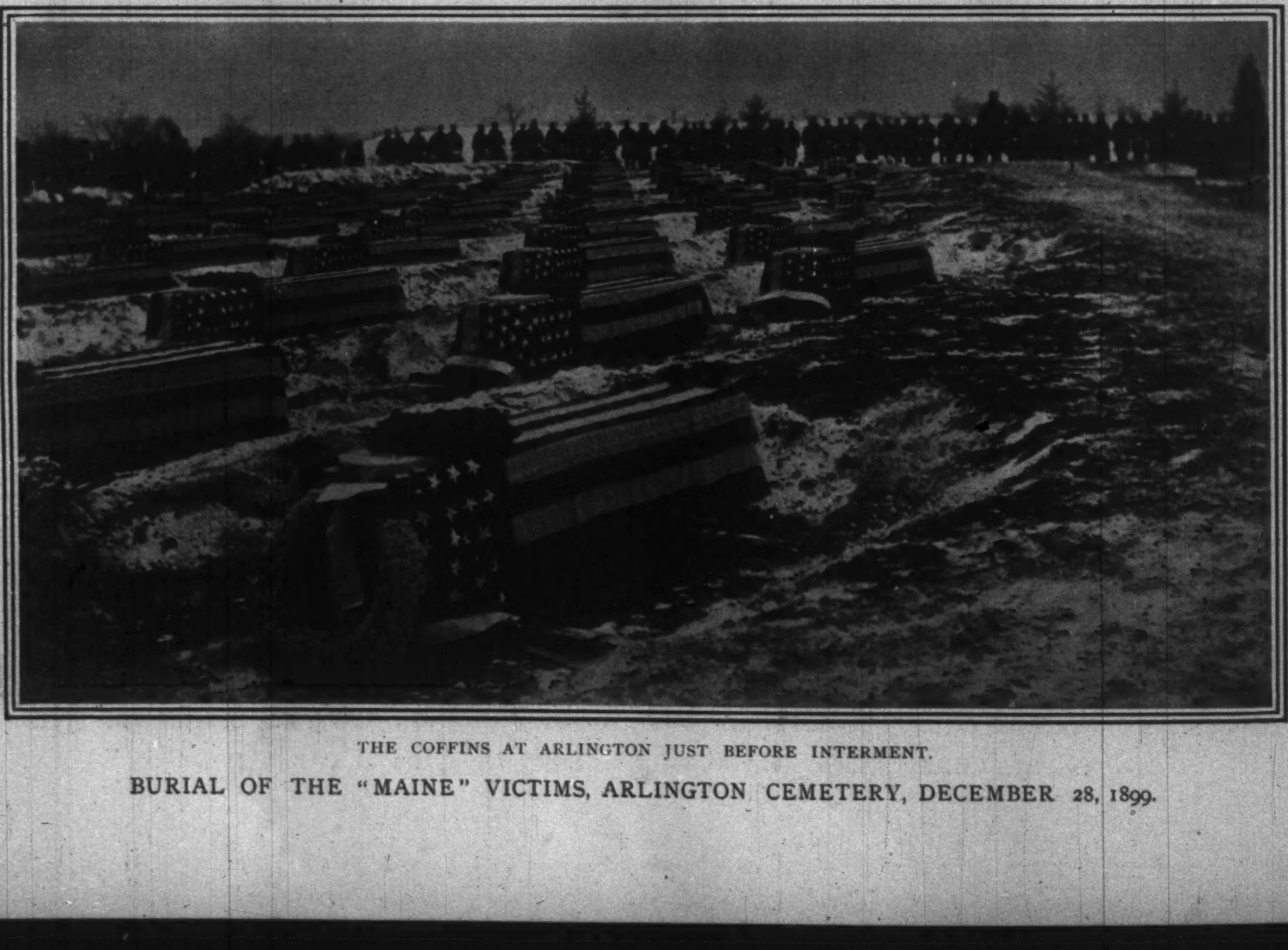


Sec. Wilson. Sec. Root. Pres. McKinley. Sec. Long. Admiral Dewey. Ass't.-Sec. Allen.

THE PRESIDENT'S STAND AT ARLINGTON.

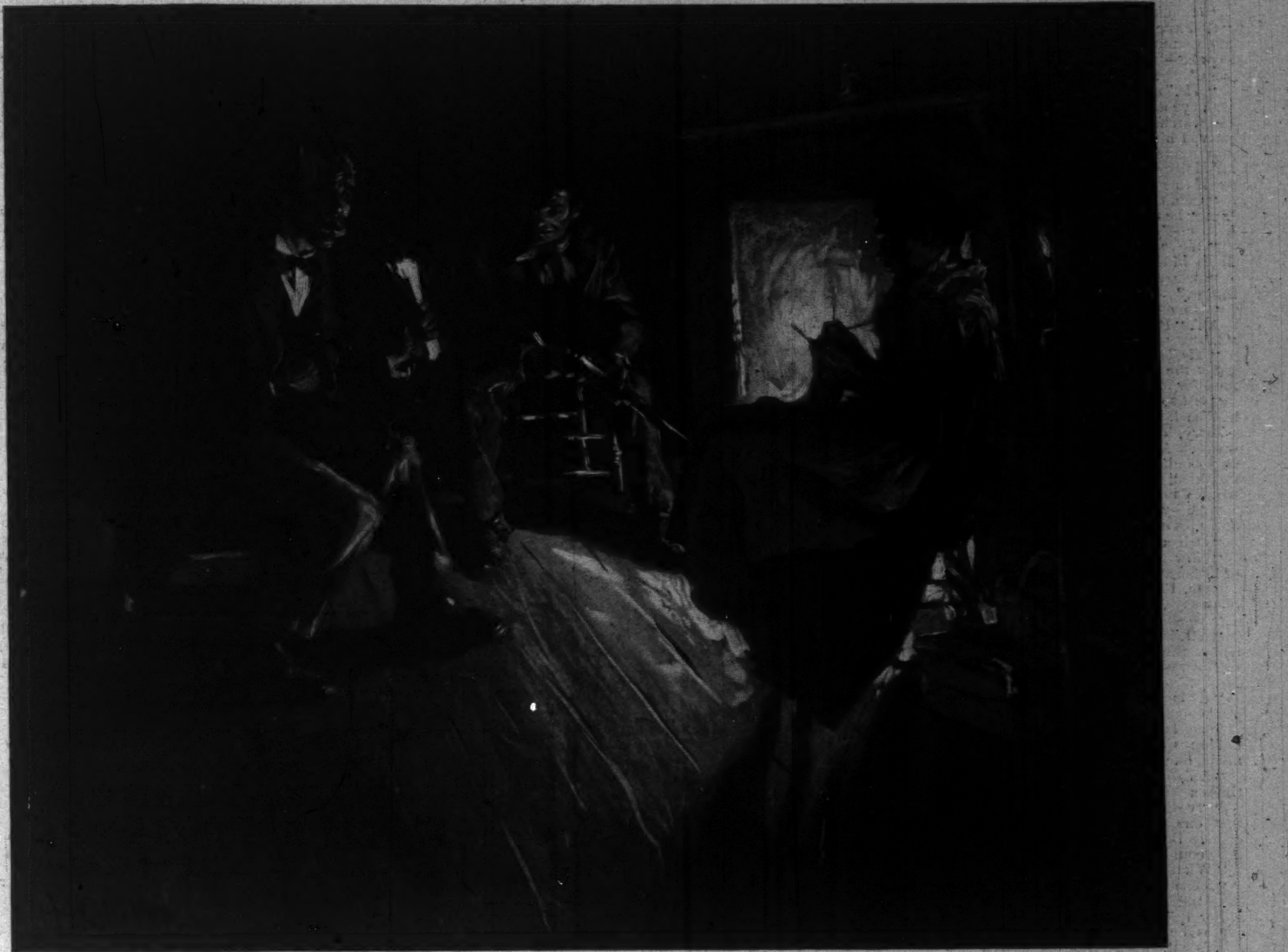


CAPTAIN SIGSBEE AND AIDES.



THE COFFINS AT ARLINGTON JUST BEFORE INTERMENT.

BURIAL OF THE "MAINE" VICTIMS, ARLINGTON CEMETERY, DECEMBER 28, 1899.



"JERRY TOOK IN BOTH MOLLY AND SHAN WITH THE CORNERS OF HIS EYE."

Jerry Mac Faddyeen's Supper.

By Seumas Mac Manus

Author of "'Twas in Dhroll Donegal," etc.

SHAN MOR, or Big John, was a fine, strappin', able cowlt of a fella, with more of the divil in him—as far as harmless mischief went—than any other man in that whole counthry-side. But barrin' that he was fond of a bit of a ruction at a fair just for fun's sake, and that he sometimes opened his friends' heads in the heat of the fun—without any malice, mind—Shan was as harmless-hearted as the chile of last night. But he had such science with the blackthorn, an' turned this same science to such good account, that Shan's name was a name of terror to them that didn't know him well—to them that niver met him only the couple of times in the year that he come into Donegal fair, with his blood liltin' like a piper's tune, an' his wrust itchin' for the play.

Well, me brave Shan owned a farm that was as bad as it was big. I suppose he had five hundhred acres of rocks with spadefuls of clay between them. An' off this poor Shan was supposed to 'arn a support for himself an' Mary—Shan was married, an' to as daicent an' purty a woman as ever stepped out to a market—to support, I say, himself an' Mary, an' pay rent intil the bargain. So if Shan fell behind in his rent—an' he did—that wasn't at all, at all, to be wondhered at; a daicent goat, if it was a Christian an' honest, couldn't pick a livin' off Shan's farm, let alone a man support himself an' his wife. An' in thruth, only Shan was a bit handy with his gun, an' winged an odd hare or moor-fowl that sowld purty well in the town, he couldn't 'a' got along as well as what he did atself.

Anyhow, as I was sayin', poor Shan he went to the back han' entirely, notwithstandin' all his strivin', an' Lord Ardhara's agent, Misther Finlater, threatened him several times (be message) that he'd have him processed an' sowl' out if he didn't come in at wanst an' pay his arrears. Misther Finlater might as well thought to squeeze juice out of a whinstone, an' Shan, who was what Masther Whoriskey used to call a bit of a philosopher, always listened respectfully to the message, and then marched off, whistlin' "Tatther Jack Welsh."

An' at long an' at last, when Misther Finlater foun' Shan wasn't showin' any signs of comin' in to pay him an extorsinnit rint for five hundhred acres of cowl' rocks, he detarmined to process him in rale 'arnest. But what do you think, could he get a man Jack of his bailyiffs to go sarve the paper upon Shan? No, nor divil resaive the man of them. They had their own notions about Shan, for they had heerd purty much of his doin's and divilment; an' if no matther if Misther Finlater was to aither kick them or kiss them all over, they couldn't be aither dhriven or coaxed into takin' on their hands such a venturesome job.

But there was in a neighborin' disthrict a process-sarver—a purty hardened sort of a sinner—Jerry Mac Faddyeen, an' this Jerry was glad to jump at the offer of 'arnin' half a sovereign, an' him Misther Finlater employed.

"Mind," says Finlater, says he to Jerry—"mind, it's a purty risksome journey ye're undhertakin', an' I want to warn ye that aforehan'. Forewarned," says he, "is forearmed."

"I'm thankful, yer honor, I'm sure," says Jerry, makin' light of it.

"He has a mighty bad name in the counthry, this Shan Mor," says Finlater.

"Thanks be to God," says Jerry, says he, "he'll not be able to break me bones with that. Let me tell ye, Misther Finlater," says Jerry, "I've had to dale with a lot of these kinds of people that had bad names; an' always an' ever, when I thried them out for it, I foun' it was their tongues an' not their han's that had 'arned them their name. I'll fin' the same of Shan Mor."

"Very good, Jerry," says Finlater; "I'm glad to hear it, an' to know that yer task 'ill be an aisier wan than I had thought. So off with yerself now, an' sarve that little paper upon the scoundhril, an' ye'll get yer goold half-sovereign if ye come back successful."

An' Jerry was off. But Misther Finlater run afther him.

"I say, Mac Faddyeen," says he, "mind you, if ye don't succeed in sarvin' it, ye're to take good care it isn't stolen from ye or put out of the way. Conceal it well on ye an' fetch it back to me," says he.

"Ha, ha!" says Jerry, says he, laughin' sarcastic. "Ha, ha!" says he. "Yes, *if* I don't sarve it I'll bring it back to you safe. An' *if* I don't sarve it I'll allow you to take half a sovereign's worth of kickin' out of me free gratis. *If* I don't sarve it! Good-by, Misther Finlater," says he, with a mock bow.

Shan Mor had a little box of a house perched upon the mountain-side purty high up, an' a lengthy wee sthretch of ten mile or so from the rint office. It was latish in the day, of a winther's day, when Jerry started, an' when he got there it was gettin' close torst nightfall. As he come to the foot of the town-lan' of Deisard, Jerry met a barefooted lump of a youngsther that was goin' whistlin' along the way, an' he axed him to point out which was Shan Mor's house, an' the youngsther pointed it out to him. An' all at wanst, when he had pointed it out, the garsoon remimbered himself, an' he says, says he, "Bad luck to me, if I haven't pointed out Shan Mor's for a bailyiff!"

"No, avic," says Jerry. "I'm only Jerry Mac Faddyeen, the process-sarver."

"Whew-ew-ewew!" says the youngsther, dhrawin' out of himself a whistle as long as a coffin—"whew-ew-ew-ew!" says he. An' then says he, "Misther Jerry Mac Faddyeen, I'm afeerd ye forgot somethin' afore ye left home the day."

Jerry's han' wint at a jerk to his pocket, but he foun' the process all right. "What did I forget, chile?" says he.

Says the young buck, "If ye're a process-sarver, an' that ye're goin' to Shan Mor's, an' with the intintions of sarvin' on him a process, I'm afeerd"—an' the young vagabone edged away a raisonable distance from Jerry—"I'm afeerd," says he, "ye forgot, afore comin' away this mornin', to laive yer misure for a coffin."

Jerry just missed him with his staff, an' there wasn't any use at all, at all, followin' him, no more nor followin' a June bee.

"Me young snapper," says Jerry, "if yer manners was aiqual to yer wit ye'd be a credit to yer mother." An' he shuk the stick at him.

"There was," says the young rascal, "only wan process-sarver ever ventured into Shan Mor's in the mimory of man—only wan who wint in; an' he come out again—upon a doore," says he.

Jerry was mighty mad at the imperence of the brat. "Faith," says he, an' the stick in his han' dinnlin' to be layin' on the villain, "if I had ye up here within arm's-reach I'd be afther givin' ye such a hazel dhressin' as would soon make you a fit subject for a doore, me gay fella!" says Jerry.

"Never mind," says the aggervatin' rapscallion; "the docthor that thries to dhress you afther Shan Mor has swep' the floore with ye 'ill have his han's full. I think," says he, "it would be a good Christian sarvice on my part if I was to go and run off to the town an' ordher out the h'arse at wanst."

Jerry fumed an' went off. But the young vagabone kep' shoutin' all sorts of encouragin' things afther him till he was beyant hearin'.

There was a big ugly brute of a dog rushed out of Shan Mor's as Jerry stepped up to the doore, an' would have devored him only Mary rushed out afther, just in time to get the animal be the throat an' make him let go his holt. Shan himself was sittin' in the corner when the sthranger enthered, an' he dhryin' his legs afther a day's poochin' over the dirty, sloppery bogs.

"Ye're welcome, sthranger," says Shan. "Dhraw up to the fire. Molly, throw on a couple of more sods an' a junt of fir," an' Shan was takin' Jerry all in with a look.

"Push up, abasky, to the fire," says Molly, wipin' a chair with her apron, an' placin' it for him afore the front. "Sit down there, if ye plaise," says she.

"Thanky, thanky. An'," says he, mindin' his greetin', "God save all here, barrin' the cat—an' the dog," says he, too, rememberin' himself. "A purty unmannerly dog," says he—"that is, mighty unmannerly entirely to sthrangers."

"Yis," says Molly, as she layed the turf on the fire with wan eye an' tuk him in with the other. "Well, yis," says she, watchin' him. "Yis, I must say he's more nor wanst proved himself a very wicked dog tor't daicent people, sthrangers, suspectin' them to be bailyiffs"—an' both Shan an' Molly were, on the sly, lookin' at Jerry purty hard to see if this shot went home.

"Och, then," says Jerry, says he, gettin' his breath with him, "he med a mighty mistake if he tuk me for a bailyiff, bekase—"

"We're mortial glad to know it," says both Shan an' Molly in the wan breath, an' cuttin' him short.

"Bekase," says Jerry, continuin', "I'm only a process-sarver."

"Oh, *only* a process-sarver!" says Molly.

An', "Phew-ew-ew! *Only* a process-sarver!" says Shan. "Is that all?"

"Yis," says Jerry, says he, unbutt'nin' his westcoat to get at the paper, "only jist a process-sarver, on a wee arrand for Misther Finlater."

"Jist so," says Shan. "*Only* that!" an' he reached his han' back into the corner an' brought out—a gun.

Jerry, he dhropped the undoin' of his westcoat all at wanst. An' Shan, he was lookin' up an' down the gun an' examinin' the primin'. Molly's eye ye would think twinkled, an' she dhrew to her her knittin' an' begun workin' industhrusly.

"Ah—ye do a little—a little shootin' betimes?" says Jerry, as carelessly as he could.

"Och, a little—a little," says Shan.

"Now what do ye shoot?" says Jerry, with a whole lot of intherest.

"Oh, I'm noways purtikler. I shoot vaarus things," Shan says, an' him still examinin' the gun.

"Ye shoot fowl, I suppose?"

"Yis," says Shan, liftin' his head an' lookin' to Molly across the fire; for they had Jerry sittin' in front of the fire atween them—"yis, I shoot some fowl—don't I, Molly?" an' he winked.

"At laist," says Molly, still workin' away, "ye do some *foul* shootin'."

Shan laughed hearty. Jerry joined in. "Ha! ha! ha!" says Jerry, says he, "that's a good one, it is. Ye mane, like the Connaughtman, he oftentimes hits a miss."

"An' sometimes," says Molly, as quiet as ever—"sometimes a *Misther*."

Jerry did his dead best to bring out a good laugh for that one, but, howsomever it was, the laugh wouldn't come. But me brave Jerry wasn't goin' to show fright if he could help it. So says he, afther a minnit:

"What kind of fowl do ye shoot, Shan? Is it *game?*"

"Sometimes," says Shan—"sometimes it's *game;* but more times it takes to its heels an' runs as if the divil was afther it." Shan looked at Molly with a twinkle in his eye as he sayed it; and Molly, she laughed quietly at Shan's wit.

Jerry, thrue enough, was beginnin' to get a little nonplushed.

"I suppose," Jerry says, "ye're preparin' that gun for the mornin'. It isn't aisy takin' down yer fowl afther night."

"Isn't it?" says Shan, lookin' at him sideways, an' he with his finger on the thrigger, restin' the gun across his knee.

"Isn't it?" says Molly. "Isn't it? When the fowl 'ill come walkin' intil the house to ye an' up to the fireside, an' sit down by ye, axin' imperent questions." An' Molly give him a purty hard look as she said this.

Jerry buttoned up his westcoat at wanst, an' then his coat, and then his top-coat. Then Jerry got to his feet an' shook his joints, an', "Why," says he, "I think I'll be makin' the road short."

"Oh, it *will* be short," says Shan, quietly.

"A matther of ten Irish mile or more, a night like this, is no miss," says Jerry.

"Faith," says Molly, "I'm mighty afeerd ye'll not have to tramp that far the night."

"How is that?" says Jerry, sudden.

"Bekase," says Molly, misurin' how many finger-len'ths she had knit—"bekase it's a mortial common thing for sthrangers thravellin' these backward parts afther night to meet with accidents. Sit down awhile, man, till the moon rises," says she.

"I thank ye very kindly, ma'am, an' it's mighty glad I'd be to have more of the company of such a nice convarsible woman as yerself," says Jerry, with all the politeness he could. "I have enjoyed me wee stay very, very much. I thank yez both, an' am sorry I can't make me stay longer. Good-by, an' good-night, an' thank yez both heartily, an' I hope to dhrop in upon yez in a friendly way again," says he, makin' a move for the doore.

Shan he only sayed "Bran!" low an' aisy, an' that minnit Bran, which was the dog, leapt to the doore an' faced Jerry Mac Faddyeen, with a look in his eye that a blind man couldn't mistake.

Jerry waited a minnit, then gave wan other step forrid, an' Bran gave a snarl.

"Ha! ha! ha!" says Molly, says she, "ye see, even poor Bran feels the slight ye'd put upon the house, runnin' off with yerself in such a hurry, as if ye were insulted."

"Ha! ha! ha!" says Jerry, says he, steppin' back to the fire again. "Then I'll have to consint, I suppose, to spen' another fifteen minnits." An' he sat down an' looked intil the fire. Molly she went on with her knittin', an' Shan he continued nursin' and fingerin' the gun.

"Shan, avic," says Molly at length, "is that gun ye have loaded?"

"Loaded?" says Shan. "It is, in throth, Molly," an' he put his eye to the muzzle.

"Take care, then," Molly says. "It isn't the first time I've known them same guns (bad luck to them!) go off—be accident, ye know."

"Faix, an' you're right, Molly!"

"An' goin' off be accident, kill people," says Molly—"process-sarvers sometimes."

"Thrue for ye, Molly. An' process-sarvers sometimes."

"It's a mortial dangerous business, anyhow, that process-sarvin'," says Molly, knittin' away.

"Mortial," says Shan, with his eyes still wandherin' up an' down the gun.

"Do ye know," says Molly, "I've heerd tell wanst of a process-sarver—"

"Yis?" says Shan, lively, an' lookin' up.

"—of a process-sarver wanst that wint to a sartint house on purpose to sarve a process—"

"Ay?" says Shan, an' he looked at Jerry to engage his attention to Molly's story. Poor Jerry was lookin' hard intil the fire, but there wasn't a syllable lost on him.

"He went to this house," says Molly, says she, "on purpose, as I sayed, to sarve a process. An' he sat down. An', like this, they were all sittin' roun' the fire. Well, by good raison, they weren't anyways well plaised, the people of the house. But the goodman of the house, just like you, Shan, he picked up a gun—"

"Yis?" says Shan, says he, lookin' down at his gun—"yis?" says he.

"—an' this man," says Molly, "was a sort of man that didn't think much of lettin' the moonshine through a Christian, much less a process-sarver—"

"Of course," says Shan.

"Well, as I sayed, they were all saited roun' the fire like this, an' the man of the house havin' the gun in his han', an' the process-sarver fornenst him, saw his duty—an' done it."

"I see," says Shan, makin' to rise to his feet.

"Houl' on, ye! houl' on, ye!" says Molly. "Sit down till I finish the story. But this man bein', as I sayed afore, a Christian, an' not an onnatural haythen out an' out, give his process-sarver five minnits be the clock"—an' Molly looked roun' at the big wag-be-the-wall—"five minnits, I say, be the clock, to say a mouthful of prayers."

"I don't believe ye," says Shan, sthrivin' to get on his legs again.

"Sit down!" says Molly. "I *tell* ye he did."

There was a droll twinkle in Molly's eyes, an' an answerin' one in Shan's, if only poor Jerry had been able to raise his eyes an' see them.

"But sure ye sayed this was a process-sarver," says Shan. "An' where the divil, then, was the use at all, at all, of *him* wastin' five minnits in prayers?"

"No matther for that," says Molly. "It was a Christian-like thing to do, all the same, an' I tell ye he done it. Sit down, I tell ye again!" says she.

Then Shan sat down. "Molly," says he, "would ye plaise glance at that clock an' tell me the time—the exact time?"

"It's ten, twinty, twinty-five—twinty-five minnits," says Molly, says she, "afther nine, exactly."

"Twinty-five afther nine," says Shan to himself, "an' five more makes a half afther nine. Very well, then," says he, an' he settled himself with a sigh in his sait an' looked intil the fire.

Molly went on with her knittin'.

Jerry Mac Faddyeen was lookin' all this time hard intil the blaze in the fire, an' with his two han's on his knees. There was a somethin' like a rat that had come out of a puddle runnin' up an' down his backbone, an' he was shakin' like a very oul' cart on a rough road. There was a big black cat with wan white patch on its left side sittin' in the corner, an' Jerry looked at the cat an' seen that it was lookin' right sthr'ight up intil his eyes, with the most Christianlike pityin' look, he thought, he had ever witnessed. He thried to swally a spittal, but it stuck in his throat an' near a'most choked him.

"Molly," says Shan, "what time is it?"

Molly looked up at the clock. "It's twinty-five, six, seven, eight—twinty-eight minnits afther," says Molly.

"Which laives," says Shan, takin' a firmer grip on his gun—"which laives just two minnits."

Jerry, he now begin to find the tickin' of the clock somethin' awful, an' it seemed to him like every tick was a man dhrivin' the tacks intil the black cloth on a coffin. The hair begun to rise up, he thought, on his head. He looked at the cat again. She was still obsarvin' him piteously, an' the eye of her blinked like she was sthrivin' hard to hold in a tear.

"What time is it, Molly?" says Shan.

"It's twinty-eight, nine—twinty-nine afther," says Molly, an' then she coolly went pickin' up a dhropped stitch in her knittin'.

"Twinty-nine afther," says Shan, "an' wan minnit more makes the half-hour, an' then—then—" Shan, by way of finishin' the sentence, only shook his head reflectively at the fire.

A cowl' sweat came out all over Jerry Mac Faddyeen, an' he shook like a rush-bush on a stormy hill. All of a suddint he bursts out:

"An' did that man yer towl' of get *no* chance for his life?"

Both Shan and Molly looked at him as strange as if they hadn't knowed he was there till this minnit. Shan spoke first.

"No," says he, "*no* chance whatsomiver."

"Yis," Molly says—"yis, Shan, he got wan chance."

"No, nor divil resaive the wan," Shan says, jumpin' to his feet.

"Sit down!" says Molly, stampin' her foot. "I *tell* ye he did get wan."

"An' that was?" says Jerry, clutchin' at the straw.

"To ait his process," says Molly, quietly, an' went on with her knittin'.

Jerry tore open both coats an' his westcoat in the twinklin' of a midge's eye, an' pullin' out a handful of papers, chose one of them, an' was puttin' the others intil his pocket again.

Molly with the tail of her eye caught this move.

"Yis," she went on, "ait the process he had for that house, an' every other process he had on him likewise."

"What? Ah, no!" says Jerry, with a pitiful face.

"All right," says Molly, with an awfully calm look.

In a jiffy Jerry had the whole of the papers out again, an' held them up before him, makin' wry faces at them, like a youngsther goin' to take casther oil. He rolled in one shape, an' next in another, and then in a third, an' made worse faces at them each time. Shan, gettin' a bit impatient, begun to fumble with the gun, an' that instant Jerry started in on a large mouthful. When he chewed it long enough to get the benefit of the juice, he took in both Molly an' Shan with the corners of his eyes, anxious to know if he'd have e'er a chance of dhroppin' the mouthful atween his knees. Shan eyed him, an'—

"Molly," says Shan, says he, spaikin' to Molly, "I b'lieve that man ye were tellin' me the story about thried to do a mane thrick—spittin' out a part of his supper, instead of swallyin' it?"

"Yis," Molly answered back, an' she eyin' Jerry purty hard as she spoke—"yis, he *thried* to."

"An'—?" says Shan.

"Was shot upon the spot," says Molly. Then she went at her knittin'.

Jerry swallyed his mouthful with small delay, an' wint at his medicine like a man. He bit an' chewed, an' munched an' chewed, like a sheep at turnips. It was a purty tedious business for the poor divil, but he chewed an' chewed an' chewed away, like a man chewin' for a prize. Molly she knit away quite calm, an' Shan he continued nursin' the gun and watchin' into the ashes. Jerry chewed on an' chewed on. An' neither wan of the three sayed a word. The only wee noise goin' was the click of Molly's needles an' the munchin' of Jerry an' the purrin' of the pussy-cat, that sat lookin', watchin' Jerry from the corner, an' now an' then stoppin' to lick her lips.

At long an' at last poor Jerry wiped the crumbs off his westcoat an' give a sigh, for he was through.

Shan looked up.

"Molly," says Shan, says he, "ye mind that story ye were tellin' me?"

"I do," says Molly, says she.

"An' can you call to mim'ry, Molly," says Shan, "whether that jintleman was allowed e'er a dhrop at all of poteen to wash down the wee bits of papers? They were mighty dhry aitin."

"Yis," Molly says, "I do b'lieve, as well as I can recollect, that he was allowed a glass of good poteen."

Shan got up, laid aside the gun, took a bottle from behind the plates on the dhresser, an' an egg-shell from afore them, filled out a good stiff shellful of sweet-smellin' poteen, an' come over to Jerry with it.

"Me good man," says he to Jerry, "for the past three-quarthers of an hour ye've been chawin' an' chewin' at a rowl of blue papers. Whatsomiver the divil was yer raisons for it? Only it would 'a' looked imperent of me, I'd have axed ye to stop it. The next best thing I can do is, offer ye a wee somethin' to wash the taste out of yer throat. Take that."

Jerry gave him an indignant look. He held back his han' a minnit, but the next minnit he reached it out an' took the poteen, an' threw it off at a gulp. Then he got an' shook himself, an' started for the doore.

"Good-night, sthranger," says Shan, "and God go with ye!"

"Good-night, sthranger," says Molly, says she, "an' God send ye safe an' soun'! Don't let it be long till ye come back to see us again. An' if ye only sen' us word when ye're comin', we'll make a hard sthrive to have some betther entertainment to offer ye than let ye chew blue papers from the fair dint of the hunger. It's dhry aitin', an' ye'd be a mortial long time fattenin' on it. Good-night, an' God be with ye!"

But Jerry only slammed the doore afther him be way of reply.

An' nixt mornin' Jerry walks into Misther Finlater's office.

"Well, Jerry," says Finlater, "ye're welcome. Have ye sarved the process?"

"No," says Jerry, as curt as ye plaise.

"No! That's too bad. Ye have it back to me, at laist," says Finlater.

"I have," says Jerry, curter than ever.

"Where is it? I must see the polis on the matther," Finlater says.

"I have it back to ye," says Jerry, lookin' black murdher at Finlater—"back to ye—here," says he; "here," puttin' his han' on the place. "Here *in me stomach*. Bad luck take you, Finlater, an' yer processes!"

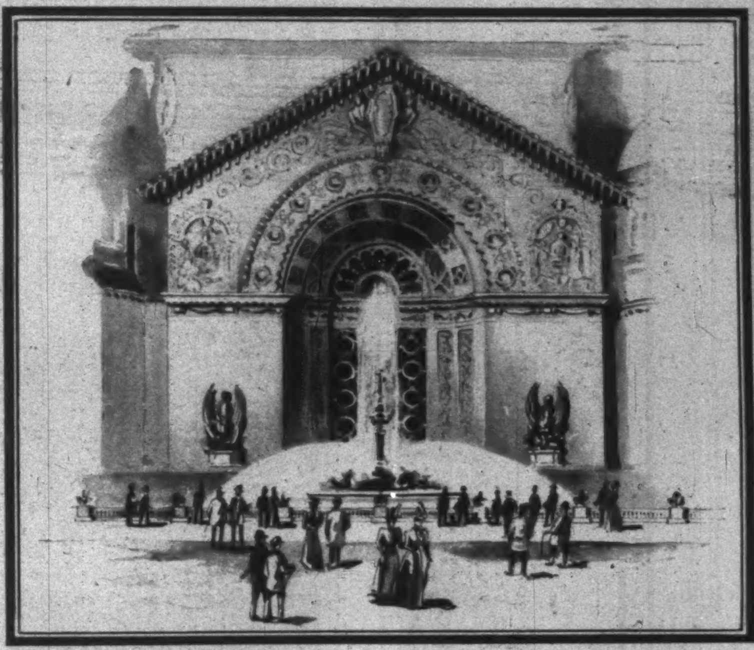
Love's Fireside

THE room is cozy
And dark;
The curtains sway to and fro;
In visions rosy I mark
The log flames flutter and flow.
For I see the blaze
In a golden haze
In each window-pane swirl and blow,
Where it shimmers
And beams,
Where it glimmers
And gleams,
One blaze in six panes aglow—
Six little blazes in six little panes,
Though but one on the tiles I know.

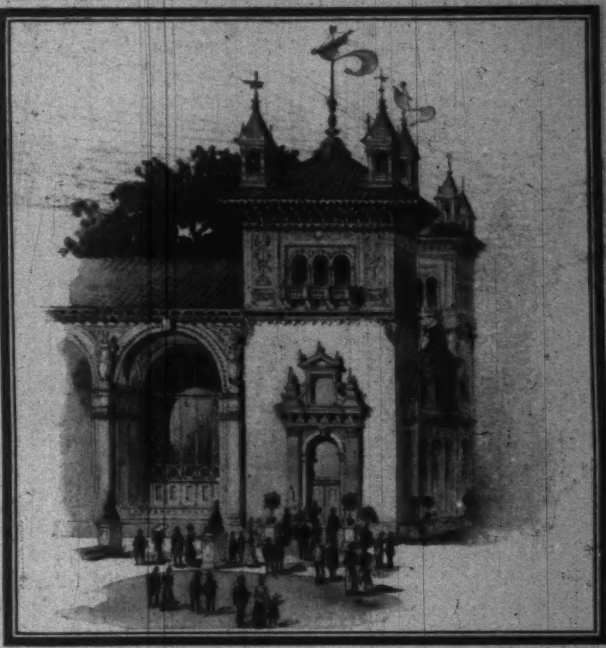
One face in the log fire light
In a reverie beams and shines—
One face in the log fire bright
Is mellow in all its lines.
And then there's the selfsame face
A-smile in each flame-lit pane,
A-beam with the winsome grace
Of a tender love refrain:
Six little faces
In six little panes,
Six little graces
All in a row;
Six little graces
And six little faces,
Though only one at my hearth I know.

When Love's fire's smouldering low,
My fancies, like window-panes,
Reflect with her smile divine
The goddess that tends the shrine
Her face that scatters all woe
With its charm that never wanes
Is hundreds of faces,
With hundreds of graces,
In Fancy's panes a-row.
Though hundreds of graces
And hundreds of faces
In Fancy's window grow,
Only one face,
With its matchless grace,
At the hearth of my heart I know.

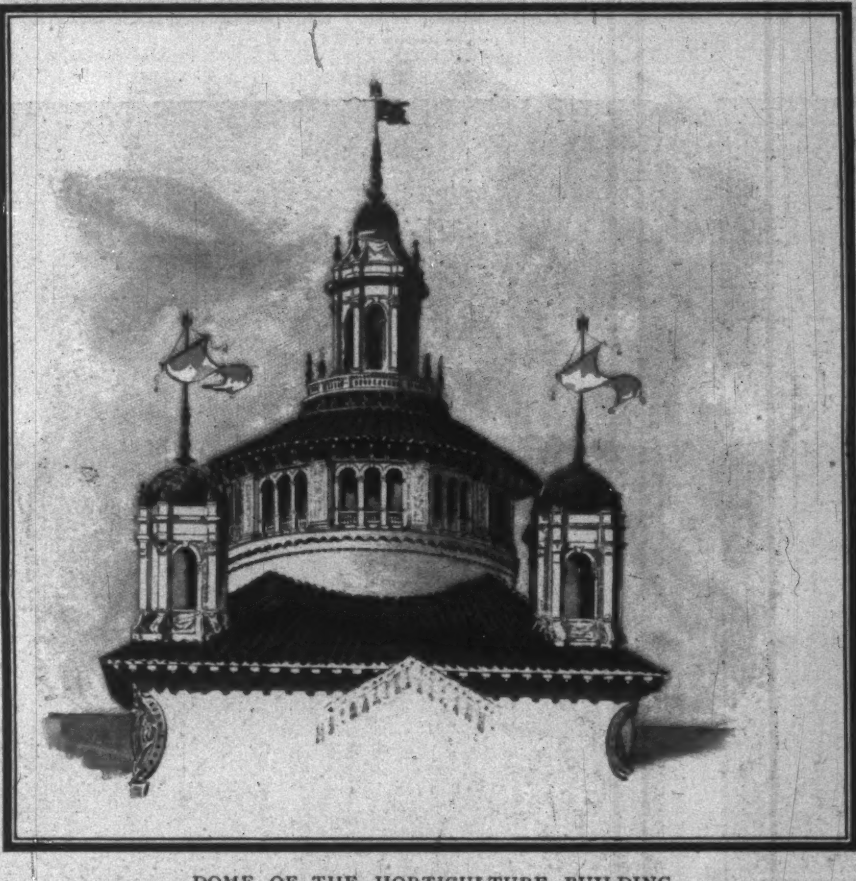
R. K. Munkittrick.



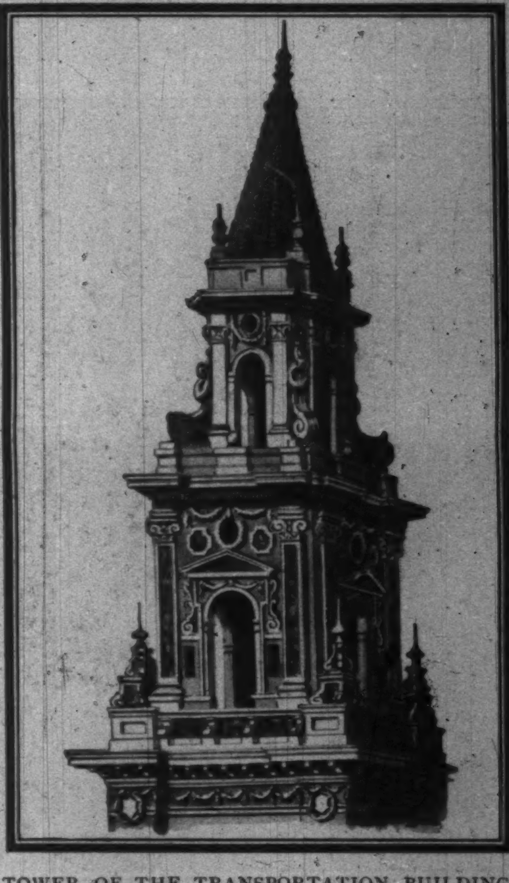
ENTRANCE TO THE HORTICULTURE BUILDING.



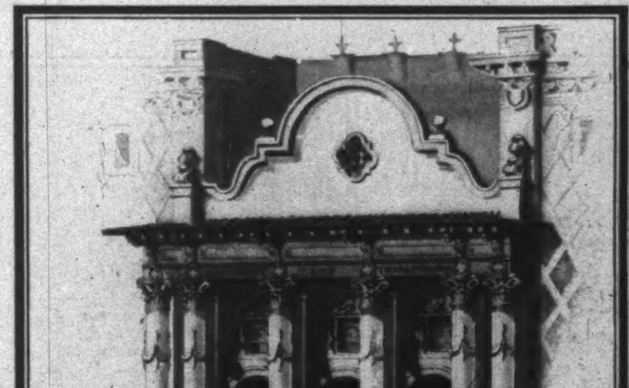
PAVILION OF THE GRAPHIC ARTS BUILDING.



DOME OF THE HORTICULTURE BUILDING.



TOWER OF THE TRANSPORTATION BUILDING.



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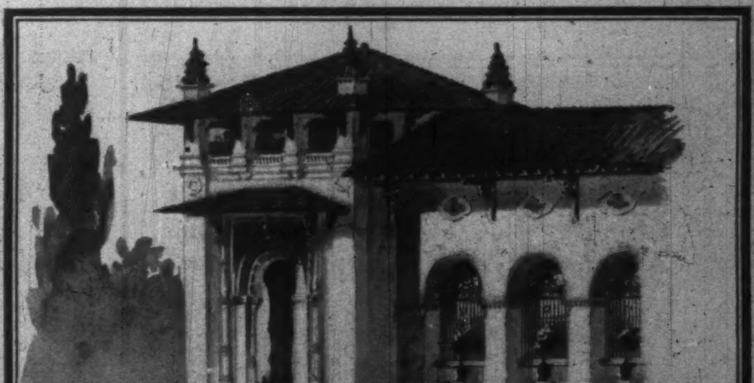

MACHINERY AND TRANSPORTATION PAVILION.

BUILDINGS UNDER CONSTRUCTION FOR THE BUFFALO PAN-AMERICAN EXHIBITION.

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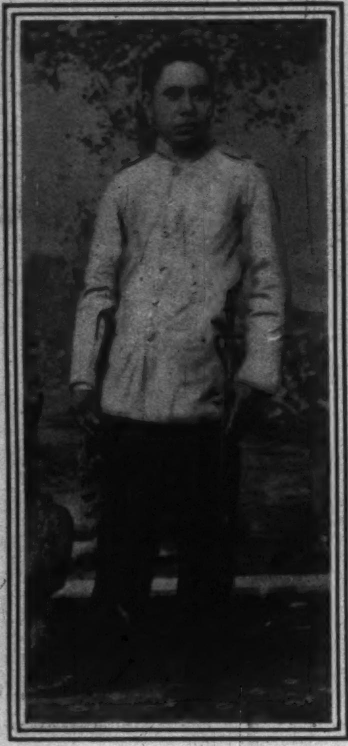
BRIG.-GEN. GREGORIA DEL PILAR.

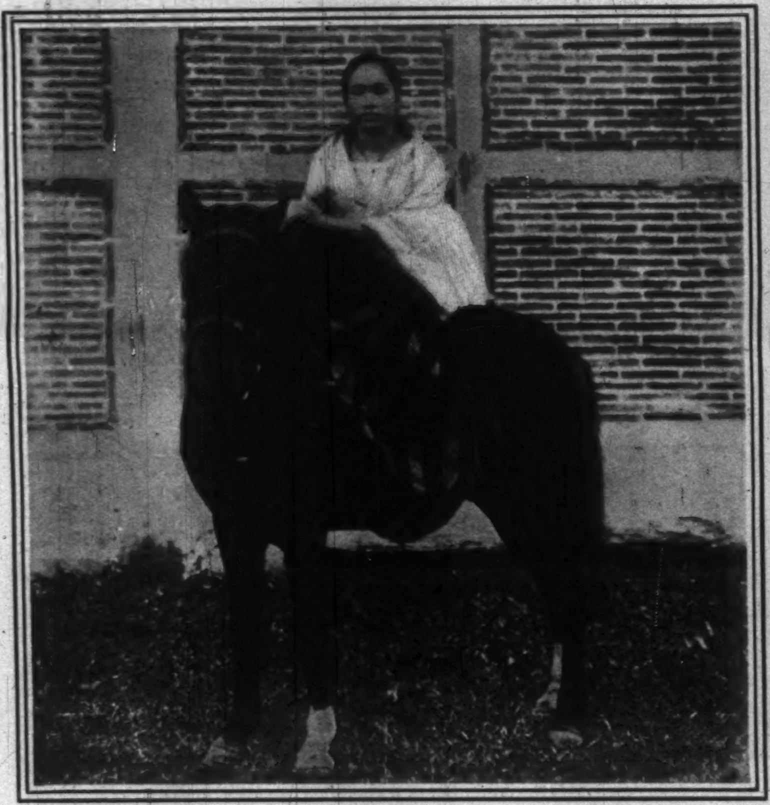


BRIG.-GEN. ISIDORO TORRES.

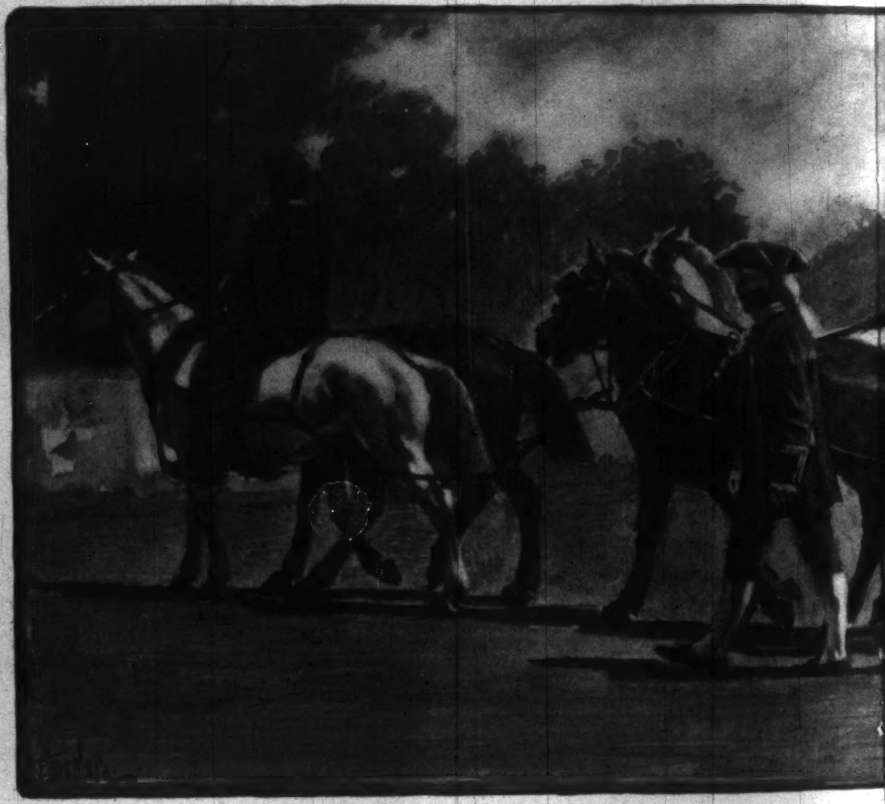
BRIG.-GEN. ARTIMO RICARDO.

BRIG.-GEN. TOMAS MASCARDO.

GEN. EMILIO



AGUINALDO'S WIFE.



AGUINALDO'S CARR

Sala de Armas

GEN. LUNA'S FENCING-SCHOOL IN MANILA.

GEN. VILO BELLARMINO.

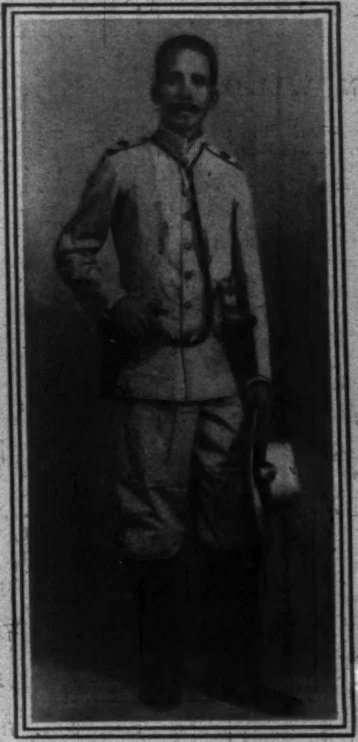
BRIG.-GEN. ANTONIO LUNA.

GEN. FELIPH

THE LEADERS OF THE REVOLT

ILIO AGUINALDO.

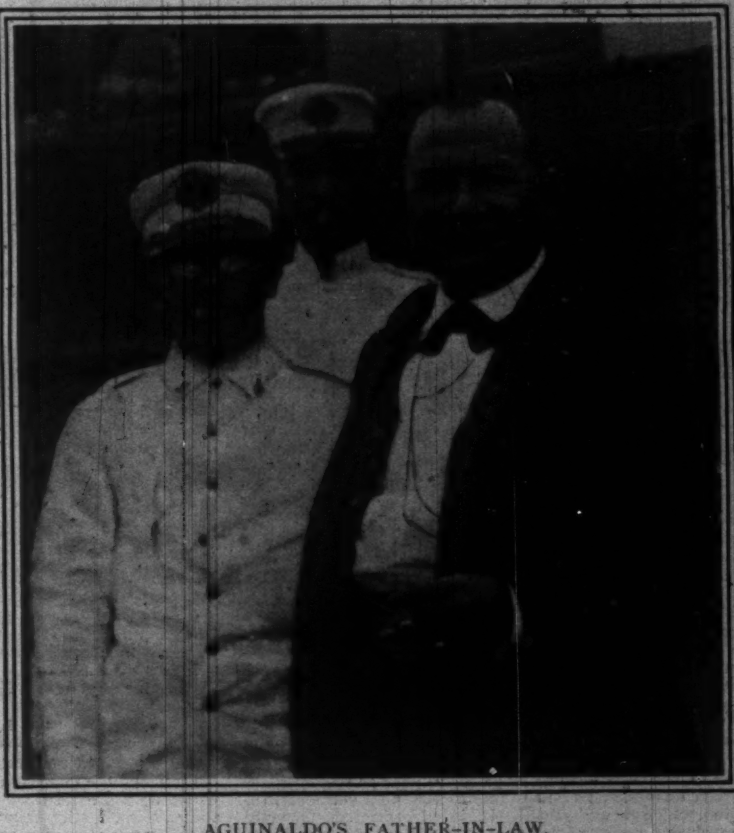
GEN. JOSÉ IGNACIO PANA.


GEN. PANTALEON GARCIA.

BRIG.-GEN. CARDEÑAS.

COL. FRANCISCO PRIETO.

CARRIAGE AT MALOLOS.


AGUINALDO'S FATHER-IN-LAW.

ELIPE AGONCELLO.

PEDRO ALEJANDRO PATERNO.

COL. PEDRO LIONZON.

BRIG.-GEN. PIO DEL PILAR.

LT IN THE PHILIPPINES.—[See Page 14.]

The Half-Caste in the Filipino Revolt

BY EDWIN WILDMAN

"Now we have a querulous, discontented population of half-castes, who, sooner or later, will bring about a distracted state of society, and occupy the whole force of the government to stamp out the discord."—Father Pedro Murillo Velarde, of Manila, in his work on the Filipinos.

IT shall be my endeavor in this article to sketch the Mestizo leaders of the Filipino insurrection, and to illustrate how they predominate in the army and government. My object is to establish in the minds of those not personally acquainted with the Filipinos, the distinction between the native and his present master, the Mestizo, and to show how absolutely the Mestizo has forced his stewardship upon a race with whom, in normal conditions, he rarely consents to mingle except for gain. The Mestizo is ambitious and corrupt. To enrich his pocket, and to gain importance, and perhaps recognition by the United States, he has plunged the natives of the Philippines into a desperate struggle. He was successful in the first revolution, and with the advantage of experience he hopes to accomplish his aims in the second. He proved himself the equal of the Spaniard in duplicity, and he thinks to bring us to like terms. In this ill-starred struggle the Filipino is the victim. He is led by the half-caste, ignorant of the alien thoughts and aspirations that are at work in the mind of the Mestizo. The language, the color, and the habits of the Mestizo are so like his own that he is easily led to believe that his words ring true, and that his lofty proclamations of brotherhood and liberty are the honest expression of a brother.

It is the Mestizo who is entirely responsible for the revolution in the Philippines. It is the Mestizo we must punish. With the skin of a native and the heart of a traitor, he works damage incalculable. Clever, cunning, and rich, he must be thoroughly subdued, if not banished, before we can hope to affect his pernicious influence over the natives and bring him to his senses. If the Tagalog races are not fit for self-government—and no one acquainted with them for a moment thinks they are—then the Mestizos are a thousand times less capable of governing them.

And now, who are these men that have placed themselves at the head of the 8,000,000 natives of the Philippine Islands, plunging their race into an ill-starred revolution? What kind of a man is Aguinaldo? Who are Paterno, Trias, Ricardo, Mascardo, Artachio, Pilar, Garcia, Sandico, Luna? Are they men of education, property, and intelligence, or adventurers and renegades? And what sort of looking men are they?

It was more difficult to find out how they looked than who they were. Filipino photographers possessing plates of some of the Filipino generals kept them securely hidden. They guarded these negatives as if they had been contraband goods, fearing lest they should cause them to be hustled off to Bilibid prison as "suspected amigos." The revolutionist officials had ordered that none of their photographs should be given out, for the very good reason that they had no desire that the American sharpshooter should become familiar with their looks. However, by constant effort and some strategy the photographs of most of the best known insurgents were finally secured, and are here presented, in most cases, for the first time.

On Calle St. Roque, in the new Manila, stands Pedro Paterno's spacious house. It occupies a large section of the block, and it is there that I had a most interesting visit with him. On the frescoed walls hangs a life-size painting of his mother, a Chinese Mestiza. Paterno, therefore, like nearly all of the Filipino leaders, is a half-caste. For years he has actually controlled the Filipinos. That he could do no wrong was and is their belief. Spain gave him the "Grand Cross," and the Filipino University of Manila the degree of LL.D. When in the first revolution Aguinaldo compromised, "with damages," Spain buying out the Filipino leaders, Pedro Paterno was so well poised on the fence that he was able to draw a double commission for his services. Despite his open dickering with Spain, and his public acceptance of money from the Spanish government, the childish confidence of the natives was unshaken. They rejoice in his Spanish-given honors, and point to him as the most eminent Filipino, which he undoubtedly is. He has published several novels and books of poetry, and is the acknowledged authority on Filipino folk-lore. He controls Aguinaldo, writes his bombastic pronunciamentos, and is the head and spirit of the revolution. Revolutions are in his line, for he has found them profitable, and boasts of an income of $25,000 a year. His property includes real estate, business blocks, plantations, and steamships, all at present netting good profits, managed and operated by his family and his agents. He, like Aguinaldo, keeps at a safe distance from the firing-line, cherishing, undoubtedly, the cheering prospect of returning to his inheritance.

LA INDEPENDENCIA

DIARIO DE LA TARDE

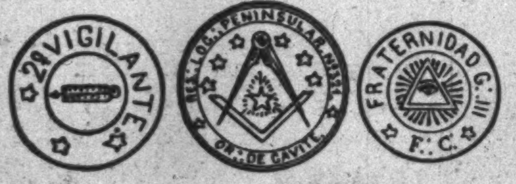
Confianzas

AGUINALDO'S OFFICIAL ORGAN.

Perhaps if Paterno had not been so clever General Antonio Luna y Novicio would never have fallen by an assassin's bayonet. Luna was one of the most daring of the Filipinos, as well as one of the richest, and he attempted to dictate the policy of the insurrection. He was too ambitious, and when his body was laid away at San Isidro, with much pomp and ceremony, Aguinaldo said to one of Luna's followers, who questioned him as to Luna's successor, "Insomuch as there seems to be, among Luna's forces, a question as to who is the government, I will myself take command of his zone," which he formally did, and was seen in action near San Fernando by some of our soldiers. Luna was never thoroughly trusted by Aguinaldo. "He wants a pitched battle with the Americans," Aguinaldo is reported to have said, "while my policy is to draw them into the mountains, harass them, and exhaust them."

The last statement of General Luna was printed on May 20, in *La Independencia*, the organ of the revolutionists, of which Luna was the editor. *La Independencia* has had a checkered and peripatetic career. It was started in Manila. When last heard of it was being printed on an old Franklin hand-press at San Isidro, and was appearing at convenient intervals only. Luna's last interview was given for two purposes—first, to enlist the natives in his own favor, and, second, to find its way to the Manila Filipinos; for it was a critical period in Filipino affairs. General Lawton, on his memorable thirty days' march last May, had driven the insurgents from town to town, until word came from Aguinaldo and Paterno that all they desired was "honorable peace." Operations were suspended and envoys came into Manila. Luna determined to take advantage of what he looked upon as a weakness of the Paterno-Aguinaldo element, and by a published interview to attempt to win over the wavering natives to his standard and to seize the insurgent government. In this he was partially successful, but it cost him the deadly hatred of Aguinaldo and Paterno, who put an end to his career forthwith.

General Luna was a notable specimen of the Mestizo class. Of good birth, morally and intellectually, he might have been the leader of his people had not the treachery that is characteristic of his race dealt him a death-blow. He was a brother of the celebrated Juan Luna, an artist of European renown, whose pictures have hung in the French Salon. Another brother was a violinist of more than ordinary fame. By profession General Luna, like the eminent Rizal, was a chemist. He was educated in Madrid and Paris, and while abroad published a book—*Impressions*. He returned to Manila in 1894, and gained the confidence of Governor-General Blanco. When the insurrection broke out he openly denounced the movement, but nevertheless was arrested as a conspirator. Through the intercession of Blanco his sentence of death was commuted to twelve years' imprisonment, and he was sent to Spain. Eventually he was pardoned, and returned to Hong-kong. When hostilities broke out between Spain and the United States, Luna returned to Cavite. It was then that Aguinaldo offered him the command of the army; but Luna for a time refused, although later he accepted the post of Minister of War in the Malolos cabinet, with the rank of General of Division. Luna reorganized the insurgent army upon European methods, which he had carefully studied abroad, and the discipline and military tactics shown by the insurgents, so often to our surprise, were due to his skilled hand. In battle he displayed a reckless valor and ability that soon made him a hated rival to Aguinaldo, who found himself obliged to raise Luna to the rank of commander-in-chief of the army. At Kabanatunan, on June 7, one of Aguinaldo's sergeants provoked a quarrel with Luna, and ran him through with a bayonet. Had Luna lived it is probable that the cause of the Filipinos would have been staked in one decisive battle, and the Filipino war would have ended with some credit to their valor. Luna is the only general of the Filipino army worthy of the title.



SYMBOLS OF THE KATIPUNAN SOCIETY.

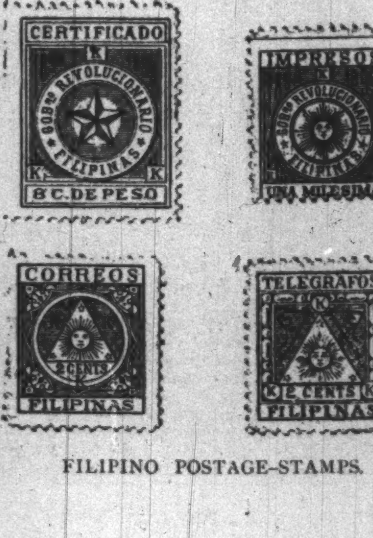
Aguinaldo, although the figure-head of the insurrection, is not of the same class or caste as Luna. Aguinaldo is an unscrupulous politician, who by cunning craft has been able to hold the Tagalog race united under his influence, misled with chimeras and dreams of an independence the portent of which they are as ignorant of as children. Aguinaldo is the link between the Mestizo element and the masses. The puppet of Paterno, he possesses a certain oracular influence over his people, for to him they look for guidance, blind to the fact that the words that emanate from him are the result of Paterno's lessons. Paterno is the "boss," Aguinaldo the mask. He has the cold keen eye of a leader, and the quiet self-contained modesty of his humblest follower. Aguinaldo was born at Cavite Viejo thirty years ago. His father, Don Carlos, was a truck farmer of the native class, but rose to some importance among his fellows, and was thrice elected Mayor of Cavite. Aguinaldo's education was of the most limited kind. For a year or two he attended the school of Santo Tomas in Manila, but the death of his father called him to Cavite, where he took up the work of the farm. Here he soon made himself prominent and troublesome by his connection with the Katipunan League, organized by Rizal against the friars. The Governor-General, to win his sympathies, appointed him Captain-Municipal of Cavite in 1895.

Aguinaldo's mentor and tutor in the art of revolutions was Andres Bonifacio, a schoolmaster of Cavite, and the original conspirator in the revolution against the Spanish, which resulted in the Biac-na-batô treaty arranged by Paterno and General Primo de Rivera, the Governor-General of the Philippines. Bonifacio influenced Aguinaldo to join the revolution of '96, acquainting him of the intention of the Spaniards to secretly murder all the members of the Katipunan. Thereupon Aguinaldo, grasping the opportunity of leadership, had Bonifacio secretly killed, and placed himself at the head of the movement against the Spanish, organized the natives, pilfered the convents and priests' houses, enlisted the support of many of the civil guards, and began the revolt against the friars and the state. The natives flocked to his standard, and he soon found himself the commander-in-chief of the majority of the natives of Luzon. The old chieftains of the north and south, full of grievances against the rule of the friars, quickly joined him, and the whole archipelago was plunged into rebellion. The Spanish drove Aguinaldo to the mountains, but ultimately compromised with him. His career from then till now is current news. Aguinaldo is not a pure Tagalog. His maternal grandfather was a Chinaman, and from him he inherited the stoical qualities and craft of speech that have made him such a power among his people. His ambition is to lead, and his heartlessness enables him without compunction to cause the assassination of all who threaten to rival him. Had he been successful in establishing a kingdom he would have ruled with as tyrannical a despotism as ever did a Chinese viceroy. His genius is not confined to leadership, but he has the astuteness to gather around him such aids as Paterno, Sandico, and men of their stamp, clever, cunning, and wealthy, the scions of the best blood of Spain intermixed with that of the native races. Aguinaldo stands to-day the figure-head of the insurrection, and not until his surrender or death will the misguided Filipinos be able to comprehend, accept, or consider the beneficent intentions of the United States.

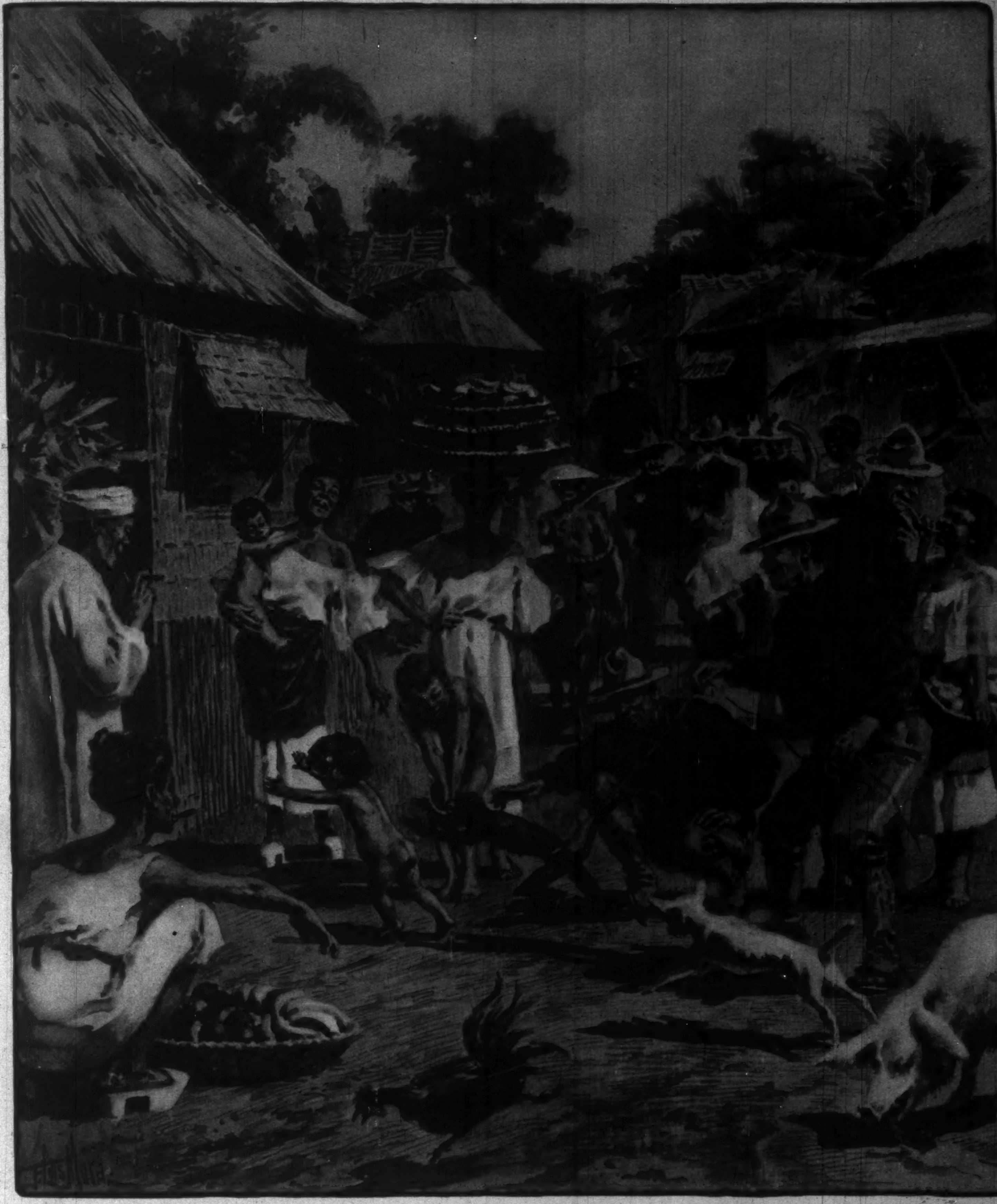
Aguinaldo's wife is a Chinese Mestiza, and has made herself conspicuous in the revolutionary army by organizing a "Red Cross" hospital corps, and placing herself at the head of it.

When Aguinaldo organized his staff he utilized the timber at hand. As time progressed he sifted out those who disagreed with his policy of absolute independence, and gathered around him men that he could control. The galaxy of names that have shifted across his kaleidoscopic organization would fill a book. A glance therefore at his present staff will give a fair estimate of the make-up of the revolutionary forces. In the early stages Theodore Sandico was a prominent figure. He, however, openly expressed a belief that a Filipino republic would be the "victim of European powers," and that "protection and annexation by the United States would be for the benefit of the people." The result was that Sandico from time to time disappeared, until now he is little heard of. Whether his opposing ideas have cost him his head, or whether he is simply languishing in obscurity, it is difficult to say. Sandico is a native of Pampanga. He is about thirty-six years of age. He was one of the most intelligent of his race, and successfully conducted a school at Malolos, until he lost favor with an Augustinian friar, who threatened him with decapitation. Sandico preferred life to a martyr's death, and, disguised as a Chinaman, escaped to Hong-kong, sailing thence for Madrid. He spent several years in European capitals, studying French, German, and English. Returning to Hong-kong, he found himself penniless, and went to work in a bicycle-shop, where he earned his living until the Filipino refugees enlisted him in their cause. Aguinaldo, in a moment of trustfulness, made him Secretary of the Interior and a colonel on his staff.

But the first rival of Aguinaldo was Isabelo Artachio, whose sudden disappearance after landing on Filipino soil caused much dissension among the northern tribes of Luzon, making a breach that has never wholly been healed. Artachio was a hereditary chieftain of Ilokos province, and was the ranking power of the north and the natural leader of his race. He never fully committed his people to the schemes of Aguinaldo, and when the differences of opinion as to leadership and the disposition of money reached a high tension Artachio disappeared—not to breathe the free air again until General Lawton's advance liberated him from a foul dungeon at Las Pinas last June. Thence, disguised in woman's clothes, he es-



FILIPINO POSTAGE-STAMPS.



HOLIDAY-TIME IN THE PHILIPPINES.

caped to Manila and delivered himself up. He soon made his identity known, and was permitted to go to Hong-kong, where he applied to the American consul-general for naturalization papers. Artachio is now suing in the Hong-kong courts for his share in the Spanish prize-money. He has also brought a suit against the writer of an article in the *Review of Reviews* for slander. Of Aguinaldo he said to me: "He is a bad man, cold and cruel at heart, and cares for nothing but the accomplishment of his own ambition. Aguinaldo ordered me shot, but my Ilokos brothers shielded me. For a year I have been dogged from convent to convent, and allowed a penny's worth of rice and fish a day. They tried to starve me, and many times I had to defend myself from a treacherous thrust in the back."

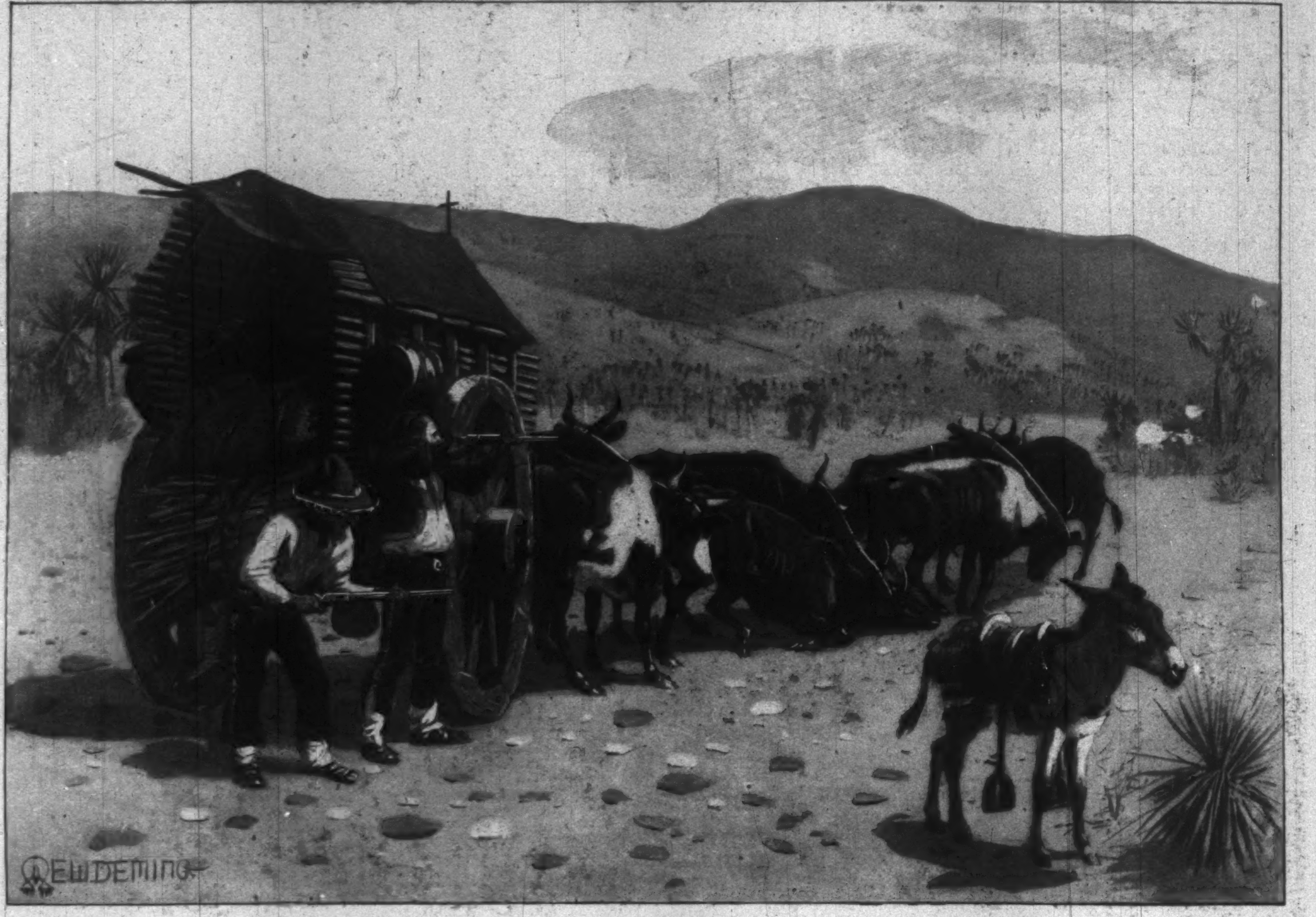
Ranking next to Paterno in education and diplomacy is Felipe Agoncello, whose activity in Filipino interests has been unwavering. Agoncello was the envoy sent by Aguinaldo to try and get a hearing before the Paris Peace Commissioners. Failing this, he established a junta in Paris and came to America, making his headquarters in Washington, where he made repeated attempts to see the President. While in the capital he issued a number of cleverly worded documents, setting forth the Filipinos' claims to recognition. It may be well to add, however, that in these pamphlets Agoncello was aided by astute anti-annexationists, who helped him in the search of precedents and in the search of constitutional clauses that could be construed to give his claims legal grounds. When the outbreak of February 4 occurred Agoncello took French leave, and succeeded in crossing the border into Canada, thence, after a stormy voyage, in which his ship was wrecked, he reached London. He has not been able to return to Luzon, although I doubt if he has made strenuous efforts to do so. He has kept alive the Filipinos' agitation for independence abroad, and, aided by mercenary foreigners, has been able to spend his money to considerable effect.

Baldermero Aguinaldo, a second cousin of Aguinaldo, is a coarse, hard half-caste, and to him Aguinaldo intrusted the campaign in the Cavite and Batangas provinces. He amassed considerable money by outrageous taxation, and his entire career has been one of force and cruelty. He has pressed the unwilling natives into service, and practised all manner of extortion upon them. It was reported that he recently tried to escape with his blood-money, but was apprehended, and has since disappeared.

According to the insurgent organ, Tomas Mascardo is one of Aguinaldo's most brilliant fighters. Before the revolution he too was a school-teacher in Cavite, but cast his lot with the insurgents, and after returning from Hong-kong was made a captain in Aguinaldo's army. For "brilliant feats at arms, having been thrice wounded," he was made brigadier-general, which post he still occupies.

Artimo Ricardo, before the revolution, was engaged in the peaceful occupation of teaching the young idea how to shoot, at San Francesco de Malalon, in the province of Cavite. He joined the revolt against Spain, and proved himself a stubborn fighter. He was in the possession of a great quantity of arms, being the commandant of the "Melicas Territoriales," and when war broke out between our troops and the insurgents he found himself fully equipped to meet the emergency. He is at present brigadier-general in the southern division, including Cavite and Batangas. He is a man of considerable intelligence, having graduated from the college of San Juan de Letran and the Escuela Normal in Manila.

Severino de las Alas is a name frequently heard of in Filipino councils. He is an elderly man, and one of Aguinaldo's chief advisers. He took no part against the Spanish, but reserved his talents as a lawyer to point out the



YAQUI INDIANS ATTACKING A MEXICAN FREIGHT OUTFIT.

untenability of American occupation. Many of the high-sounding documents issued over Aguinaldo's signature, quoting international law, have emanated from his brain. He is at present Secretary of the Interior of the Paterno cabinet.

José Ignacio Pana is a unique figure in the insurgent army. His presence in some of the engagements has led to the belief that the Chinese were assisting the Filipinos. Pana, however, though a Chinaman, has a dash of Filipino blood in him, and was probably born in Cavite, where he was first heard of as one of the proprietors of a prosperous iron-foundry. His specialty was the repair and manufacture of "lantakas"—guns. In the first revolution he, with Pio del Pilar and twenty-seven men, forced a regiment of Spanish troops under Colonel Salcelo to retreat from their stronghold at Imus. Pana returned from Hong-kong, where he had found the climate and association agreeable, after the treaty of Biac-na-bato, in June of 1898, and cutting off his pigtail, joined the present revolution. For this act of self-humiliation, and in consideration of his previous record, he was made a brigadier-general and sent to the Camarines, the extreme south of Luzon. There he distinguished himself by driving out the English planters and confiscating Spanish property. He is probably a major-general by this time.

The career of Francisco Roman Velasquez savors of the tragic. He is a member of one of the most distinguished Filipino-Spanish families in Manila. Young, dashing, and gallant, he began a brilliant career as editor of *La Comercio*, the leading Spanish newspaper in Manila. He belongs to the set of which the Lunas were the central stars in wit, wealth, and talent; and when General Antonio Luna joined the insurgents, Velasquez deserted home and business and became a colonel on his staff. Though a former volunteer officer in the Spanish troops that fought against the natives in the first revolution, he was welcomed to the insurgent ranks as Luna's friend. He followed his general in all of his engagements and retreats; and when the relations between Aguinaldo and Luna became strained, Velasquez accompanied his chief upon the fatal errand to Kabanatunan on the 24th of June. When Luna was run through with a bayonet, Velasquez drew his sword upon the assassin, but before it took effect he was shot dead, and his body fell across that of his friend and chief. They were buried side by side at San Isidro.

Vilo Bellarmino is the press agent of the Aguinaldo army. He was one of the original distributers of information upon the policies and intents of the Filipinos. He was the pioneer of Filipino newspaper men. His genius for converting defeat into victory is unquestioned. General Bellarmino learned his trade as a schoolmaster in Cavite. His latest literary achievement is the collection and publication of an alleged correspondence between Aguinaldo and American officers. As an imaginative work it is without parallel in Tagalog literature.

Francisco Makabulas Soliman, also a brigadier-general in command of the forces in Tarlac, is a man who has evinced considerable fighting ability. He has harassed General MacArthur's forces, and shown more willingness to meet our troops than the majority of his colleagues. Makabulas is a native of Pangasinan. He won his spurs in the first revolution, and when the Biac-na-bato treaty was signed, stuck by his guns, and refused to emigrate to Hong-kong. He was therefore distinguished among his people, and was made a brigadier in the present revolution, though he was very reluctant to join Aguinaldo; but the glare of a gilt star and red trousers proved too much for him to resist. He is only twenty-three years of age, but is capable of making us considerable trouble in the north. Though not a man of education, he is reputed a very courageous and aggressive fighter. Most of the northern chieftains have the same distinction.

Another brigadier-general in the north of whom we shall hear is Mariano Llanera. He is a native of Nueva Ecija, and was Captain Municipal of San Isidro under the Spanish rule. He started a little revolution of his own, and succeeded in ousting the Spanish from Nueva Ecija, but later joined the Hong-kong emigrants. At present he has command of all the troops in his native province, and, being well on in years, is a man of power and influence.

Mariano Trias, Governor of the province of Cavite, is probably a brigadier-general. For a long time he showed a decided willingness to establish an armistice until, as he said, "We have settled with Aguinaldo," but General Lawton's advance on Parañaque and Imus compelled him to fight or run, and he struck a happy middle course by doing a little of both, eventually turning "amigo," but later returning to the enemy. He is related by marriage to the prominent La Garde family of Manila, and through them General Hughes for a long time was able to keep Trias quiet. At present he has the distinction of being Aguinaldo's Secretary of War, and therefore his loyalty to the independence cabinet may be considered beyond cavil.

One of his chief aids and supports in military tactics is Sebro Mayor, an ex-Spanish captain, who, for irregularities in the Spanish funds, was compelled to seek refuge with the revolutionists. Mayor is on Trias's staff.

Aguinaldo's secretaries have been as numerous as his cabinets, but the present incumbent is a boy sixteen years of age—Colonel Leybu—who speaks and writes English perfectly, having taken a course while banished at Hong-kong.

Montenegro is a native. He looks like an Apache, and fights like one. He was a clerk in the English hotel at Manila, and the godson of Lala Ary, the proprietor. He has shown some metal as a fighter, for which service he has been made a brigadier-general. The Pilars—Pio del and Gregoria, recently killed—have made themselves quite conspicuous, both on the field and in peace negotiations. They are small, dapper young men of the Mestizo type—impulsive, clever, and cunning. They are both well educated, and speak English. General Pio del Pilar is a member of the Paterno cabinet, and Gregoria was a colonel on the staff.

A Trafalgar Incident

THE glories to the English by Trafalgar's fight were won with examples of splendid and persistent courage among French sailors. There has lately appeared an account, wholly unpublished up to the date, of the desperate struggle between the *Fougueux*, of about seventy-four guns, and the *Téméraire*, immortalized by Turner's picture. The recital, taken down from the lips of the Artillery-Captain of the *Fougueux*, Pierre Servaux, describes with simplicity how, just after the ship had had her main-mast shot away and all its wreckage cast about the decks of the *Fougueux*, the *Téméraire* closed with her, and boarded her in a furious onslaught, in which the *Téméraire's* height was an advantage to the English. Between sixty and eighty French sailors resisted three hundred English ones with fire and fury. The *Téméraire's* boarding-party won the decks, foot by foot, after four hours' fighting! The *Fougueux* not only contested on the decks of their ship, but replied to the frequent fire of not less than four English ships during the boarding from their immediate adversary.

When the French ship was surrendered it had lost its commander, more than half its officers, including two lieutenants and three ensigns, and most of its original crew. Few episodes of the battle that gave Nelson his greatest fame and cost him his life were as obstinate and bloody.

Yaqui Indian Troubles

A NUMBER of years ago the government of Sonora County, Mexico, confiscated all the lands along the Yaqui River which from time immemorial have belonged to the Yaqui Indians. This land the government sold to an American company, which uses the Yaqui River for irrigating purposes. Angered at what they considered pure robbery, the Yaquis rebelled, and for twenty years the government has tried to subjugate them, but without success. In 1886 they were driven away from the Yaqui River, and took to the mountains, from whence they have never been dislodged. For the past few months fighting has been carried on with renewed activity.

The Yaqui is a fine fighter. Time after time the Mexican troops have been sent against the Yaquis, and each time they have returned with thinned ranks, leaving the Indians still unconquered. The Yaquis fight in the Indian style, from ambush, always taking advantage of the character of the country, with which they are entirely familiar, attacking outlying settlements and freighting-outfits, and carrying off provisions and stock.

When the discouraged and baffled troops leave after their fruitless chase, most of the Indians return to their homes in groups of two or three. The war-parties disappear as if by magic, with very little trace to tell where they came from, except the small number who cling to their mountain fastness. The present grievance of the Yaquis is the old trouble, to which are added the constant encroaching on the land and the cutting off of the water-supply for irrigating their farms, by the Mexicans, and their inability to get redress. The Yaquis believe that if they could communicate with President Diaz, terms of peace would be assured; lately, by sending Indian women with messages to the government, they are likely to get their case before the President. Heretofore they say, that the Mexican general in the field has had their envoys shot without mercy, although they carried flags of truce.

THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

BISHOP POTTER'S first impressions of the Philippines, as cabled to the New York *Herald*, make interesting reading, because we all know him, and recall that he has harbored no enthusiasms for expansion. Capital, railroads, good examples, and good government are so likely, he thinks, to make the islands commercially profitable, that he wonders that Americans should be behind the Germans and the English in practical appreciation of the prospects of a harvest. But he finds risks as well as chances; dangers to social order, to the integrity of the family, and dangers "to the maintenance of the essential equities, growing out of ignorance and superstition and the unscrupulous exactions of that wide-reaching and all-encompassing monastic system which has preyed upon the people." The bishop doesn't seem to like the friars. He does like the American soldiers; their aspect, bearing, conduct, and repute make him proud of them. He says that we can rout and scatter the Filipino, but that we cannot extinguish the Filipino instincts of justice. He hopes we won't try. The people, he says, have been robbed and oppressed. We must restore the lands, taken from them by force or fraud, and try to convince them that American authority means honesty and justice.

THERE are grounds of some validity for believing that we ought all to have our pay raised. The times are so unconscionably prosperous that the prices of food, clothes, and pretty much all commodities are soaring, and it is obvious that if we are to hold our own in the spheres to which Providence has called us our prices must soar too. There are no bargains left except in what the newspapers call "industrials," and even they are not within the means of all, and when you get them they seem liable to turn out unsubstantial, and not well suited to support life. Meat is high. Flour is pretty dear. Taxes are bigger. Cabbages and potatoes are fairly scarce and strongly held. Cotton is away up. Street-car fares are as large as ever. Rents are firm, and clothes more costly than anything except an equitable distribution of the assets of boisterous prosperity can excuse. Nothing is cheap in New York except newspapers and gas. Wages in very many cases have been advanced, but not yet in all. Persons who subsist on salaries which have not been increased or on the proceeds of investments are hoping that this winter will prove mild, and some of them are contemplating migration to Puerto Rico, the island of Guam, and other new-found localities where clothes are less necessary than they are here, and whither prosperity has not yet penetrated.

THERE were great men in England in the eighteenth century; there were Clive and Pitt, Lord Mansfield, Lord Nelson, Samuel Johnson; but according to Mr. Augustine's Birrell's discourse in the December *Scribner's*, neither of these was the most effectual Englishman of the century. Mr. Birrell declares that the greatest force of that century in England was John Wesley, evangelist and founder of Methodism. "No single figure influenced so many minds, no single voice touched so many hearts. No other man did such a life's work for England." That is Mr. Birrell's opinion, and Mr. Birrell is a dispassionate person, a lawyer, a member of Parliament, a scholar used to read, weigh, and consider, and a writer practised in exact expression. He has written delightfully about Wesley, but that he should write delightfully is nothing new.

If there has been any man in our country in this century whose work would stand comparison with that of Wesley, it was the late Mr. Moody. All the newspapers and obituarians seem to agree about him that he was a man of wonderful effectuality in his calling, and that the calling, as he followed it, was one of vast importance. His life was not so long as Wesley's. Mr. Moody was born in 1837, and lived less than sixty-three years. John Wesley, born in 1703, was eighty-eight when he died. But though Wesley was a clergyman from his youth, Mr. Birrell speaks of his activities as an evangelist as continuing about forty years, and Mr. Moody's service in that field was of just about the same length. Wesley founded a great religious organization. Moody, under different conditions, carefully avoided doing so, except in so far as he was instrumental in starting the Young Men's Christian Association, which co-operates with all the churches, while in rivalry with none.

We have been told that Mr. Moody died of the effects of overwork. Physically, Wesley seems to have been the more enduring man of the two; or perhaps his manner of life was more wholesome. Mr. Birrell says that for forty years he rode 8000 miles a year on horseback, and preached 5000 times annually. That means nearly fourteen discourses a day, which rivals the brief electioneering feats of our Mr. Bryan. No doubt it was well for Wesley that he kept on horseback between sermons. It is hard work being an evangelist. One cannot save many souls with his feet on the fender. Undoubtedly, Wesley lived the strenuous life, and so did Mr. Moody, who probably preached to more people than Wesley did, and rode many more miles a year, though not on horseback.

Culture and conservatism are prone to look with deprecation, if not absolutely with disparagement, on evangelists and their methods. A great many persons are doubtful in their inner minds whether it is really good form to be converted, and a good many others are sceptical as to the durability of the effects of what they call emotional religion. It is very notable in Mr. Moody's case how completely he triumphed over these qualms. He was very simple, absolutely earnest, without self-conceit or pretence or cant. He had power; he used it with all his might according to his knowledge and his lights. Nearly all of us came in time to see that the work was good and the results very valuable; that Moody, however he did it, took hold of people that needed attention, stirred them up to good purpose, and brought them something that made them better. The English-speaking world long ago recognized him as a great force, and one that made for righteousness and the essentials of true religion. Not all of us are desirous to be good ourselves, but most of us are at least in favor of other persons being good. So nearly all of us have been in favor of Mr. Moody, and respected him and his work, and honor his memory now that he has gone. He was one of the pre-eminently successful men of the century, and what he accomplished he did without much help from education, and without favor or aid save what his manifest deserts won for his work. He simply forgot himself, and took hold. He never let go, and he never remembered himself enough to distract his attention from the work his heart was in.

THE fame of Dorman B. Eaton, who died on December 23 in New York, rests almost entirely on his services as a reformer of the civil service. It is not a particularly coruscating species of fame, but what light it has glows with steadiness and wears well. Indeed, it may well outwear, even if it does not outglow, some species of renown that are much more in request. In Governor Roosevelt's case, for example, the reminder that he rode up hill at San Juan is already sometimes answered by "What of it?" while his record as a civil-service reformer is almost always regarded as fit to figure in an argument.

Mr. Eaton was one of the most faithful and enduring adherents the civil service reform movement has had in this country. He was a native of Vermont (born in 1823), and a graduate of the University of Vermont and of the Harvard Law School. He began in 1850 to practise law in New York. Sixteen years later, in the course of a visit to Europe, he made a study of the methods and condition of the civil service in European countries. Not long after his return, in consequence, it seems, of his successful management of a case against the Erie Railroad under Fisk and Gould, he was waylaid by ruffians, and so severely injured that he went abroad again for a long visit, and studied the civil service problem still further. In 1873, by appointment of President Grant, he succeeded Mr. George William Curtis as a member of the first national Civil Service Commission. Congress refused to nourish that commission, and it died, but in 1877 Mr. Eaton was sent to England by President Hayes, and made an elaborate report of the English civil service system, which was published by Congress. He helped soon after to draft the Pendleton act, and President Arthur appointed him a member of the commission of 1883. He was reappointed in 1885 by President Cleveland, and resigned the following year, feeling that he had done his share in that special department of good government. His interest in the movement, however, survived his official connection with it, and he was often consulted by the friends of the system, and was ready with advice which his knowledge and experience made valuable.

A WASHINGTON despatch announces that the Post-office Department has decided to issue some new stamps in recognition and advertisement of the Pan-American Fair at Buffalo. This will doubtless draw dolorous remonstrances from the stamp-collectors, especially if the new issue includes the more expensive varieties of stamps. The Buffalo fair comes next year, the St. Louis fair follows in 1903, and as that hopes to be a still bigger fair than the Pan-American, it will take more varieties of expensive stamps to commemorate it, so the prospects of the stamp-collector are pretty anxious.

It is rumored that designs or suggestions for designs for the Pan-American stamps will be welcomed. One of the most famous historical incidents with which Buffalo is associated is the fabled embarkation of Good-enough Morgan, the apostate Free-mason, in a boat on the Niagara River. Nothing ever happened in or near Buffalo that made so great a stir as that. Another suitable design would be the head of that citizen of Detroit whose reported subscription of $25,000 for a Pan-American fair in Detroit threw sundry Buffalo men who were dining late into the historic frenzy in which they subscribed a million dollars (or was it three millions?) for a fair in Buffalo. The Detroit subscriber turned out to be a myth, and the Morgan embarkation was never proved, but in both cases the results were momentous. Both incidents are especially fit for the designer, since both are historically exciting, while the facts are not exact enough in either to cramp the play of the designer's imagination.

IT took less than a week for the fund for General Lawton's widow to reach $15,000, and probably before this issue of the Weekly is published it will have reached twice or three times that sum. A prompt response of that sort is good, practical mourning.

REPORT says that the Postmaster-General and his aids, especially Third Assistant Postmaster-General Madden, proposes to put up postage-stamps in little books for the convenience of such of us as prefer packages of that sort to sheets. Let us hope it will be done. Stamps in large quantities will always be sold in sheets, but many persons find it desirable to carry a few stamps about with them, and to be able to buy them by the dozen in books would be a considerable convenience. The purchasers would be expected to pay the cost of the new form, and a dozen two-cent stamps in a book might cost twenty-five cents instead of twenty-four. To many persons the book would be well worth the extra cent, especially if it had leaves of paraffine-paper between the stamps to keep them from sticking together.

TWO speeches made at the New England dinner in New York on December 22 have attracted especial attention. One was that of ex-Minister Barrett, in the course of which he read a letter from General Lawton, lamenting the encouragement which the Filipino insurgents have derived from the so-called "anti-imperialists" in the United States. "If I am shot by a Filipino bullet," wrote Lawton, "it might as well come from one of my own men, because I know from observations, confirmed by captured prisoners, that the continuance of fighting is chiefly due to reports that are sent out from America." Following the news of Lawton's death, that was an impressive message, and though it is not an argument in favor of imperialism, it is an effective protest against keeping American soldiers between two fires.

The other speech was that of Professor William Gordon McCabe, of Richmond, who made a charming discourse on the old subject of the North and South, and especially on the services of Virginia to the republic. He protested against the theory that the Puritans were the sole inventors and patentees of American liberty, and he made his protest with so much grace of spirit and diction, and with so warm an appreciation of what New England did do, that all the New-Englanders seem to have been the happier for hearing him. It was an admirable speech, and has since been printed in full in the *Sun*, to the edification of many persons who had not the felicity of hearing it.

MR. BRIGHAM YOUNG, a Mormon leader, contributed to the Weekly of December 16 an article in which he deprecated the revival of the Mormon question through the discussion of the title of Mr. Brigham Roberts to a seat in Congress. Mr. Young said that polygamy in Utah had been abolished both by law and by the Mormon Church, and is dead. He attributed the origin of the agitation against Mr. Roberts partly to considerations of local politics, partly to jealousy of Gentile clergymen of various denominations who have been disturbed by the energy, zeal, and devotion of the Mormon missionaries. There are designing politicians, he thinks, who want a certain class of Mormons disfranchised, and there are clergymen who want the Mormon Church to be broken up; hence, he said, the agitation. He denied that Mr. Roberts, a polygamist, was the candidate of the Mormon Church for Congress. The Mormon Church, he averred, was not in politics, and had no candidates. He insisted that the opposition to Roberts was inspired in Utah, not from fear of a revival of polygamy, but to secure religious ascendency to certain local clergymen, and political ascendency to certain local politicians. Mr. Young's views, of course, are his own, and were published in the Weekly as the views of a partisan speaking for his own side.

As is natural, Mr. Young's article is unfavorably regarded by the side opposed, and members of the Gentile committee which is busy in Washington helping the case against Roberts have issued a statement in which the opposite view is set forth. This statement, signed by three clergymen of Utah, and by Mr. Schroeder of Salt Lake City, attorney for objectors, says that Mr. Young's view, though a Mormon view, is not the healthy Mormon view; that the Mormon question, often pronounced dead, refuses to be buried, and that since Utah became a State polygamy has showed signs of being resuscitated. In many other particulars it takes exception to what Mr. Young has said; but inasmuch as all these concerns are now engaging the attention of a committee of Congress, it seems hardly necessary to discuss them further here. What may with propriety be stated is no more than might have been surmised—that the leaders of the agitation against Mr. Roberts by no means agree with Mr. Young that the agitation was uncalled for or due to disingenuous motives.

What seems difficult to get at in the Roberts case is whether the Mormons are really playing fair; whether they have really finished with polygamy, and propose to leave it alone; whether they propose in future to uphold the general rules of decent living as promulgated and respected—if not always practised—elsewhere in the United States. Mr. Young has said that they do. Mr. Schroeder insists that they do not. He suspects the Mormon Church of falsities and iniquitous purposes, and doubts that its spirit is regenerate, or that its leaders are any less polygamous in desire than they used to be. He insists that the Mormons, by law, and some by oath, agreed repeatedly not only to give up polygamous marriage, but to cease marital relations with the superfluous wives they had already accumulated. He insists that they have not all kept the agreement in either particular, but that since, on the strength of their oaths and laws, Utah became a State they have been backsliding, and will backslide much more unless they are brought up with a round turn. Mr. Roberts, posing as the champion of marital responsibilities, seems to Mr. Schroeder a law-breaker and a violator of oaths. Mr. Young in the Weekly wrote as a partisan; Mr. Schroeder writes as a partisan. We must leave it now to Congress to decide which advocate has the better case.

MAIN BUILDING OF THE NATIONAL EXPORT EXPOSITION, PHILADELPHIA, WHERE THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION IS TO BE HELD, JUNE 19, 1900.

Gov. Roosevelt's Message

BY HENRY LOOMIS NELSON

THE message which was sent by Governor Roosevelt to the Legislature on Wednesday, January 3, is the last annual address that he will write during his present term. There is an importance attaching to Governor Roosevelt which is recognized throughout the country. He is a distinguished figure, and what he does and says is worthy of record. It is instructive as well as interesting to regard him simply as a Governor, as the executive head of a great State, and it is well to do this apart from what a good many people look upon as his mediæval political philosophy, which insists upon the moral value of barbarism, on the one hand, and, on the other, upon taking the barbarisms of the world altogether too seriously. It would be a great pity to lose the value of his executive services—the valuable lessons that they teach—simply because we do not like his jingoism and imperialism. I venture to suggest this to some of the men who, were it not for what they regard as the Governor's illusions on questions of war, would be very glad to point to his record as an administrator of public affairs. I cannot now dwell upon his career, for my space must be almost wholly devoted to a statement of the principal points of his annual message; but there is space to say that he has been an admirable executive, and that he has shown in large affairs a fearless independence of Mr. Platt and the machine. The record has not been perfect, it is true, but whose record is? Besides, the Governor would tell you, if you pointed out his slips, that he is a practical man, and that he sometimes is obliged to consider his means if he is to accomplish his ends. This we know, at least, that he has not pleased the machine, has deeply offended Mr. Platt more than once, and that he has done so in endeavoring to give to the State an honest and efficient administration. We have to thank him for, among other reforms, the repeal of the Black civil service law and the substitution of a sound reform law. Moreover, there has been no question in anybody's mind as to the character of the administration of the civil service law so far as the Governor is concerned. No one doubted for a moment that he would insist on the repeal of the Black evasion, and the substitution of a statute in place of it that would meet the requirements of the constitutional provision in letter and in spirit. It is a tribute to the State administration that the question of civil service reform has not been thought of as of immediate importance, so far as the chief magistrate is concerned, since the new law passed. Besides securing the passage of this law, Governor Roosevelt offended Mr. Platt by insisting upon the appointment of Judge Daly when it was thought that Judge O'Brien had definitely resigned. He did not have the opportunity, it is true, but he gave all the evidence that, under the circumstances, was possible of his own sincerity in the then recent contest in behalf of the independence of the judiciary against Crokerism, and furthermore assured the bar of his, on the whole, respectful attitude towards the bench. He also offended the machine by insisting upon the passage of the franchise-tax law, and finally in announcing his intention not to reappoint the notorious "Lou" Payn as Insurance Commissioner. There has been a wholesome atmosphere at Albany during the year, and the politicians understand that the chief executive of the State is a man who insists upon honesty and efficiency, and is considering as of first importance the public interests and not his own chances of renomination. I do not wish to be understood as overlooking the fact that Governor Roosevelt is a politician with ambitions, or that I am a blind and wholesale admirer of his, but his administration seems to me to be so refreshing a contrast to every administration back to Mr. Cleveland's, and, beyond that, back to Mr. Tilden's, that I am not only willing, but quite eager, to do that which I think all independents should unite in doing—to give him credit for his well-doing, and to give the credit heartily, without mentioning the qualifying circumstances; for there is no doubt that, looked at in a large way, this administration has been sound, honest, and of great service to the State, and an example of what may be done for the nation. Here is a conscientious, intelligent, and trained man at the head of the State, and the independents should stand by one of this kind, even if they do not agree with him entirely, and even if they do dislike to read in the papers that he has dined with Mr. Platt and Mr. Odell. The bosses have not got so much out of the Governor that we need begrudge them an occasional dinner in his society.

REPRESENTATIVE C. F. DICK,
Secretary of the Republican National Committee.
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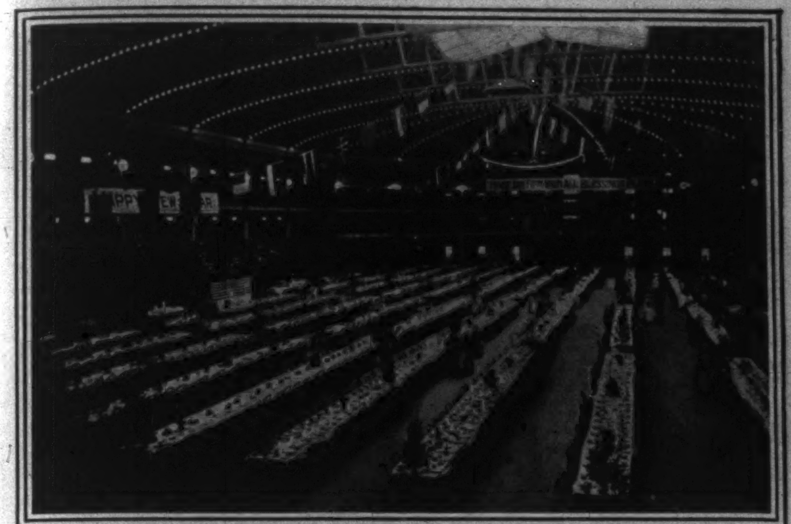
THE MESSAGE

After many years, we have a message that deals with public questions in the manner of a statesman. An important feature of the message is that which relates to the canals. There had been a feeling that the Governor has not revealed the whole truth in speaking of the results of the canal investigation, but that he has confined himself too much to comment on the finding of his special counsel, Messrs. Fox and Macfarlane, as to the criminal liability of Aldridge and Adams, Superintendent of Public Works and State Engineer respectively, omitting the further conclusions of the counsel as to the reprehensibility of the two accused. But whatever may have been the justice or the injustice of these criticisms, which were directed at his speeches, the Governor has made a full and frank exposition of the whole matter in his message, and has fully set forth not only the conclusions of the counsel, but the findings of the Black commission recommending the criminal prosecution of the men who had wasted so much of the $9,000,000 voted to the canals by the people. This incident ended not ideally by any means, but, so far as the Governor is concerned, the punishment was as severe as could be awarded under the laws of the State. Aldridge is no longer in office, and has lost his power. If any one believes that this result would have followed the election of any other Republican than Roosevelt to the Governorship he has a confidence in the timidity of the machine which is not justified by the fact that it is now demanding the reappointment of "Lou" Payn. Aldridge is out of office because of Roosevelt, and is out of jail by the grace of the statute of limitations, of a lack of evidence of collusion between State officers and contractors, of statutes passed apparently in order to give to the officials a large discretion, under which they might be guilty of "grave delinquency," not, however, amounting to offences against the criminal law. All this is set forth in the message; and furthermore it is declared that on account of the change in the Department of Public Works the cost of the canals for the eight months ending on the 1st of October, 1899, was $450.000, as against $590.000 for the corresponding months of 1898. Here is a saving of $140,000 for eight months, or $210,000 a year.

Besides pursuing the subjects of corruption in the canal management of the previous administration, the Governor announces that he has examined the whole subject of canals in their relation to the State and to the business of transportation, and the report of the commission of private citizens, General F. V. Greene being the chairman, will doubtless be the most important contribution to the literature of the subject that we have had for many years. It is worthy of the note which the Governor makes that this commission was composed of private citizens, whose time is largely occupied by important private business, but who have willingly rendered voluntary and unpaid service to the State which entailed the devotion of a great deal of time and labor. Governor Roosevelt has been fortunate in securing the unpaid services of

(*Continued on page 21.*)



TABLES SPREAD FOR TWO THOUSAND IN THE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

Salvation Army's Christmas Dinner

"KEEP the pot boiling," said the signs on big iron kettles that the Salvation Army posted on the streets of New York just before the Christmas holidays. The money to be raised was for a dinner in Madison Square Garden to any one who was hungry in New York on Christmas day. The dinner was given, and it was one of the strange sights that occur frequently in New York. Altogether 21,000 hungry persons were fed in the city on that day by the Salvation Army. Baskets, each containing a dinner for five persons, were distributed to 3200 applicants in the Garden in the morning. Every one of these cases had been investigated personally by agents of the Salvation Army in slum-work.

SURE OF A DINNER.

The dinner in the Garden occurred late in the afternoon. Ten rows of tables ran the length of the Garden, and there were seats for 2200. Those who could not find places at the first tables were sent to the gallery to look on and wait. There were two full batches at the tables and part of a third. No one was turned away. Some one asked police Captain Price if there were not many "crooks" in the crowd.

He replied: "I made up my mind before coming here that I wouldn't see anything but hungry folks in hard luck. I don't see anything else. I'm seeing too much of that for any one man to stand."

Captain Price has a way of not seeing things when he wants to do so; on this occasion his eyes seemed to have a commendable shortsightedness. There were men of all kinds—and some women too—at that dinner. There was food enough for all. About one-quarter of the cost was made up in direct contributions. The Salvation Army paid the rest from its iron-pot collections and its treasury. The Army officers cooked and served the dinner. There was no hitch in the arrangements. All told, it must have cost nearly $5000. It was practical Christianity. Coming on Christ's natal day, its exercise was the more conspicuous, for it bore a special message of "good-will to men."

Americans in the Transvaal

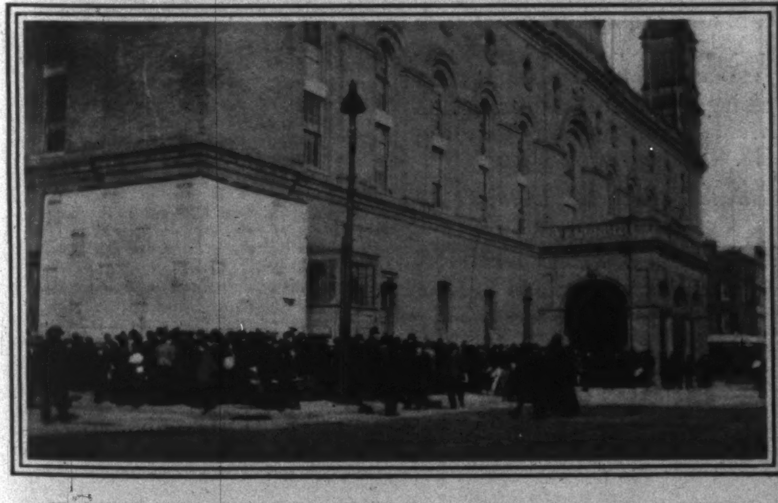
THE number of Americans in the Transvaal before the breaking out of hostilities was estimated at about three thousand, and the question of their sympathy with Boer or British has been a matter of dispute between the two warring powers that leaves the matter largely open to conjecture. John Hays Hammond recently expressed himself in no uncertain terms that the Americans in South Africa are all for England, and to prove this he cites a meeting of five hundred Americans held in the crisis of 1895, where resolutions were passed to take up arms in support of the reform movement. In fact, a George Washington Corps was formed for that purpose. Mr. Hammond himself is an American of South-African fame, who has held responsible positions in all the mining enterprises of the country, and no man is more familiar with the Rand and its people.

From all accounts, the Americans are well esteemed by both Boers and British, and Kruger has shown his appreciation of them as well as Cecil Rhodes. The report that Consul Macrum is on his way to the United States, bearing important secret state despatches from President Kruger, has an element of picturesqueness about it that promises to inform us more correctly about the attitude of Americans in South Africa towards the Boers. President Kruger has exhibited on many occasions his friendliness for Americans, and has granted privileges to them that have been denied to the English. At one time he was actually rescued from danger by a party of Americans. It was during the intense excitement just prior to the Jameson raid that he was attacked by a mob, supposed to have been made up of Uitlanders, and he was barely rescued in time by several American friends. These Americans became more influential in the later life of the Dutch President than is generally known, and it was partly due to their advice that hostilities did not reach an issue after the Jameson raid.

But if Kruger recognizes the value of the Americans, and has gone out of his way to obtain their friendship, his archenemy and hated foe has been no less active in enlisting their help and sympathy. Cecil Rhodes has several times claimed publicly that Gardner F. Williams, of Michigan, made him a rich man, and if it had not been for this American genius and financier he would never have succeeded in consolidating the diamond-mines. Rhodes and Williams met years ago in South Africa. Rhodes was then looking around for a man to bring order out of chaos and to make the rich mines pay. It was at this juncture that he met and learned of the peculiar powers of the Michigan man, and the two worked together with a harmony that eventually resulted in the establishing of one of the greatest enterprises in the world.

Since that time Rhodes has had a sincere respect for the genius of the Americans, and he has been influenced by his American friends fully as much as by the counsels of any others. A good number of the prominent Americans engaged in South-African mining enterprises cast their lot in with Rhodes, and they are now shut up with him in Kimberley.

The little group of influential Americans in South Africa is consequently a power that is not to be ignored. Some of them occupy positions in the Transvaal that make their sympathy one to court, and nearly all possess considerable wealth, or an abundance of brains, which is only another name for potential and undeveloped wealth. G. E. W.



WAITING FOR BASKETS AT THE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

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News of Warfare

I.—IN SOUTH AFRICA

THE despatches of December 21 stated that the British army in South Africa would in the immediate future be increased fully 50 per cent., and created the impression that this increase measured the new efforts which would be made to retrieve disaster—as though the War Office had said, "The Boers have beaten three of our generals: let us therefore send out 50,000 more men, under our best commander, and see if *that* will be enough."

Nothing could be more misleading. Let us look at the facts. The re-enforcements in view at this time were given as follows: volunteers, 7000; yeomanry, 3000; drafts to replace the men lost in action and to bring the regiments already at the front up to full war strength, 12,000; cavalry brigade, 1200; Canadians and Australians, 2000; fifth division, 11,000; sixth division, 11,000; seventh division, 11,000. This makes a total of 58,200. An estimate of the forces available in South Africa before this call showed—infantry, 61,800; cavalrymen, 8660; artillerymen, 8940 (with 210 guns); engineers, 8200; service corps, 3175; medical corps, 2380; ordnance corps, 590; other special corps, 765; naval brigade, 1100 (with 38 guns); colonial forces, 2400; local forces, 13,200. This makes a total of 106,210. At first glance it would seem correct, therefore, to say that an increase of 50 per cent. was being made on account of the unfavorable reports from Natal and Cape Colony. But the fifth division was already being landed at the Cape, as we mentioned last week, the sixth division was on the way, and the seventh was being mobilized when the War Office notices in reference to re-enforcements were posted (December 18). Accordingly, we shall be nearer the mark if we speak of an increase of 25 per cent., which seems moderate enough when we consider the vast importance of the interests involved. The dilatory policy of the government was not reversed or overthrown; it was really exemplified. Much more might have been done.

The War Office admitted that in a single day offers of service came from 100,000 of the yeomanry and volunteers, all prepared to equip themselves, and it was added that from almost every one of the British colonies applications from troops requesting to be sent to the front poured in so rapidly that they could not possibly receive immediate attention. The war fever was not simply more intense than it had been at the commencement of hostilities: there was a different quality in the enthusiasm, as though England "had commenced a new war, much larger and more interesting than the first."

At this time belated news was received in regard to General Buller. He had moved his army back five miles on December 17, taking up a better position; and, to protect his line of communication, two brigades had been sent to Frere.

The army opposed to General Gatacre had grown amazingly, according to the latest reports; it appeared to be the intention of the Boers and Boer partisans in this quarter to make a stand at Stormberg, and one of the press despatches referred to a command of 20,000, consisting chiefly of rebel Dutch.

General French's column was sustaining—evidently not quite enjoying—brushes with its antagonists north of Arundel from time to time.

On December 22 a despatch from the Modder River disclosed Methuen's predicament. The skilfully constructed trenches of the Boers under Cronjé extended for twelve miles, in the form of a crescent, with guns mounted at intervals, and a force of perhaps 20,000 men was prepared to resist an advance in any direction. Methuen's little army, of splendid quality, but numerically so inferior, stood at bay near the centre of a great circle formed by the trenches and a bend in the river.

At Mafeking Colonel Baden-Powell with his little garrison, gallantly holding his own, was cheerfully swapping taunts with the beleaguering force.

The octopus at Pretoria had stretched out one arm to surround Ladysmith; another, to check Buller; a third, to push back Gatacre; a fourth, to baffle French. A fifth arm was already half around Methuen, a sixth held Kimberley, and a seventh curved about Mafeking.

Raiders who crossed the border and returned to British territory reported that the Transvaal was almost stripped of defenders. Where, then, was the eighth arm of the octopus?

President Kruger's hold upon Lourenço Marquez and his control of Delagoa Bay became more apparent day by day. Through this port, it was said, weapons, with recruits to bear or to man them, passed freely to the Transvaal capital, which lay due west, and was connected by rail with this vitally important Portuguese town. The eighth arm of the octopus had gone straight out to the east and the sea-coast, after Gatacre's, Methuen's, and Buller's reverses had shaken Portuguese faith in the ultimate success of the British. Lourenço Marquez officials then began to admit food, munitions of war, and recruits almost openly, Dr. Leyds and other less conspicuous agents of the Transvaal government securing men, guns, and rations wherever they could be found.

According to a despatch from Madrid on Christmas day, it was generally believed in Spain that the Portuguese garrison at Lourenço Marquez intended to join the Transvaal army at the very first opportunity. It seemed probable, therefore, that Portugal would lose her East-African colony; that the control of Delagoa Bay by the British fleet would be the next important step, and that a British army threatening Pretoria from Lourenço Marquez would attempt what the columns from Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, East London, and Durban had signally failed to achieve.

On December 23 Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, who was to take supreme command of the British forces in South Africa, left London for Southampton. A great crowd witnessed his departure, and enthusiasm reached its height. Lord Roberts sailed on the *Dunottar Castle* that evening.

And about four hours earlier the American women's hospital-ship, the *Maine*, sailed for Cape Town, flying the American, British, and Red Cross flags.

The same day a sortie was made from Ladysmith, the adventurous party suffering a loss of fifteen wounded, including five officers, and nine non-commissioned officers and men killed. It became known at this time that one-half of General Warren's division had been diverted to General Buller, and that General Joubert had recovered and returned to the front.

Rumors of serious dissensions in the ranks of the Boers still lacked confirmation, though much attention was being paid to them. It was said, for example, that the Free State forces north of the Modder River resented the overbearing conduct of the Transvaalers with whom they were associated. Notwithstanding their recent success against Methuen, they did not expect ultimate victory, but complained that General Cronjé's men were better fed than themselves, and were posted in the safest positions. The Transvaalers did not conceal their suspicions of the possible defection of their allies, and were threatening to shoot them at the least sign of wavering. The Free-Staters, for their part, regarded subjection to the Transvaal as more to be feared than conquest by Great Britain. A report to our State Department from the consul-general stationed at Cape Town referred to the distressing conditions which prevailed in the two republics. The Uitlanders—the mining population, the bone and sinew of the country—had either scattered over the world, or, if too poor to go away, become dependent upon charity; employés had been thrown out of work; Johannesburg and Bloemfontein were to all intents and purposes deserted cities; crops ready for the sickle could not be cut, as the farmers were all at the front. The consul-general's suggestion that the two republics might soon be obliged to "live on their own resources"—this of a country that could not, or at least did not, produce the foodstuffs for its own people in normal times—seemed rather grimly humorous.

On December 24 the activity of British cruisers off Delagoa Bay was brought home to us by the report that several cargoes of American flour had been seized in those waters.

From Cape Colony very important information was sent on December 26. Thirty thousand colonists were already under arms, and efforts were being made to increase still further this valuable element of the British forces. On the other hand, sedition was still spreading, several members of the Cape Parliament being implicated.

II.—IN THE PHILIPPINES

On December 23 the information reached Manila that, about ten days before, Aguinaldo, with several Igorrote litter-bearers, had crossed the mountains near Bayonbong, going southward, and that his wife, overcome by the hardships endured since the flight from Tarlac began, had died in a village of Nueva Vizcaya province.

The announcement was made on December 26 that General Young had been appointed Military Governor of the provinces of northwestern Luzon, with headquarters at Vigan, while the same responsibility with reference to the northeastern provinces had been placed upon Colonel Hood. These officers were establishing civil municipal government, and preparing to open the northern ports for trade about January 1.

Opening the ports would of course relieve the war-ships which had been assigned to guard them, and enable Admiral Watson to station these vessels along the coast below Manila, to assist in operations against the natives there. The opinion was expressed in Washington that General Otis would direct an active campaign in Cavité province at an early day; that many of the Filipinos who had served under Aguinaldo in the north would now make their presence known and felt in the south; and that another attempt to corral this force must be made—without Lawton.

General Otis cabled, on December 26, a list of minor engagements during the preceding week. This showed activity at half a dozen widely separated points in Luzon, and an insurgent attack in the island of Panay.

That such names as Tarlac and Vigan could ever fall pleasantly on the ear seemed incredible. And yet at one time, long ago, Litchfield was such a name.

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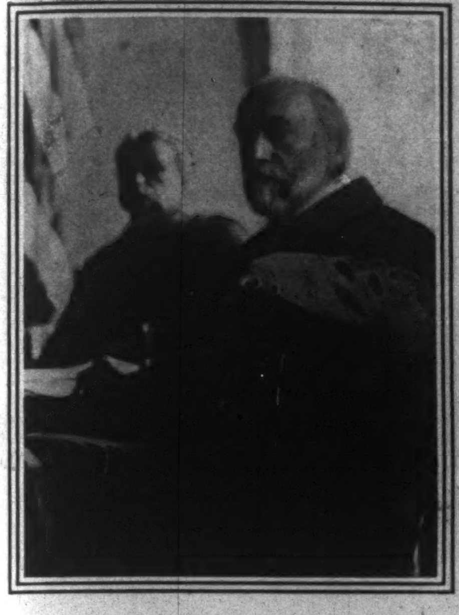

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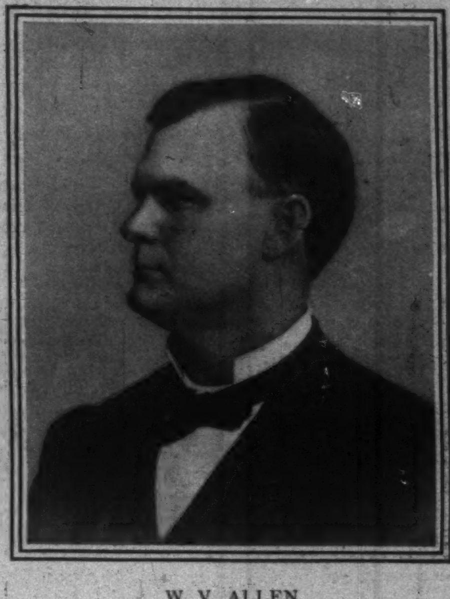

W. V. ALLEN,
Senator from Nebraska. Appointed by the Governor to succeed Sen. M. L. Hayward, who died December 5, 1899.
Photograph by Bell.

SENATOR JOHN C. SPOONER,
Wisconsin.
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(*Continued from page 18.*)

private citizens with expert knowledge for the affairs of the State. Another notable example is the commission on the educational question, which was under the chairmanship of Mr. Holls.

TAXATION

The subject of taxation and related economic subjects receive a large share of the Governor's attention, and they are treated in a manly and frank way, which is in decidedly refreshing contrast to all the other State papers which have dealt with the subject at all. There is no more important subject than that of the reform of our methods of State taxation, and it is of universal importance. It is not only interesting to the State of New York, but pervades all the States, and must sooner or later—the sooner the better—be taken up by the politicians, for the complaints of the crudities, inequalities, and injustices of local tax laws come from all parts of the Union. Governor Roosevelt has appointed a commission to examine the whole subject, and to report a system of revision. What that commission has already accomplished no one knows, nor shall we know until the work is complete and the report ready to be sent to the Legislature.

In the mean time it may be judged, not only from the character of the question itself, but from the Governor's message, that the commissioners are finding their problem difficult. As Mr. Roosevelt says, "A system of taxation that would be well enough in a simple state of society does not secure justice when applied to the conditions of our complex and highly specialized modern industrial development." The existing tax laws of New York and the other States of the Union were enacted when our energies had not been thus specialized and developed, and now the question that is confronting the legislatures everywhere is as to the best methods by which changing industrial conditions can be met by changed methods of taxation, and how these changes can be accomplished so that not only the tax laws may be fair, but so that the injustices and inequalities that are now the subject of complaint may be remedied.

Governor Roosevelt does not hesitate to face his own difficulties, and to make recommendations which he deems essential and timely. He believes, for example, that real estate already bears too much of the burdens of the State, and he is convinced that it is a wrong to the State and to the industries of its citizens that foreign corporations are permitted to carry on business in New York in competition with its citizens without paying a dollar of taxation to the State. Mr. Roosevelt does not discuss the subject from the point of view of the economist, and therefore he has nothing to say as to the advisability or inadvisability of taxing energy and enterprise, nor does he consider at all the fact that these so-called foreign corporations necessarily benefit the citizens of the State in doing business here at all. His address is written from the point of view of the chief executive, whose duty it is to execute the laws and the system which he finds in the statutes. He sees citizens escaping their public burdens by going to New Jersey for and securing incorporation there, with a view of avoiding taxation in New York, where they transact their business, just as he sees rich estates moved away for the same purpose. He insists that every one shall bear his legal burden, and therefore urges in his message that foreign corporations shall pay a fair rate of taxation when they enter the State for the purpose of competing with domestic corporations.

The Governor points out to the Legislature an evil which adds enormously to the burdens of the people of the State. Its oppression is felt, and the protests against it are loud and numerous, but the people who find their local tax bills rapidly mounting strike blindly at supposed causes, while not recognizing the real source of the evil. The Governor puts his finger on the sore spot with precision. He calls attention to the habit of the Legislature in passing laws that increase local taxes, normally by far the heaviest in our budgets, without proper consideration. As a matter of fact, the local politician finds it one of his easiest tasks to secure the passage of a bill giving to his local government authority to increase the expenditures, and therefore the taxes, of the community. The politician who represents the district at Albany is only too ready to oblige. He gratifies his friends upon whom he must depend for a re-election, and if the community grumbles it will not be at him, for they rarely recognize him in the transaction. The Governor recommends that the question of increasing the taxation in any locality should be submitted to the voters of the locality. This is occasionally done now, and sometimes the question is submitted to the tax-payers alone.

THE FRANCHISE TAX

We come now to the great tax reform, or the great change in the tax laws, which Mr. Roosevelt has made practically his own question, and by insistence upon which he came very near a final break with Mr. Platt. Possibly a change in the law effected through the special session of the Legislature partially reconciled Mr. Platt to it, although certainly the scheme was weakened in the minds of men who are firmly attached to the principle of home-rule when the function of assessment was taken from the local governments and bestowed upon the State government. In the part of the message which relates to this franchise tax, the Governor discusses briefly the attitude of the public and the government towards combinations of capital, and he properly warns the Legislature against revolutionary and hysterical attempts to remedy the evils which undoubtedly exist. On the subject of the taxation of local franchises, he contents himself with referring to what has been done, and with a warning that the movement and the laws are yet too young to warrant the expectation of an immediately large addition to the State revenues from this source. He says that at first much difficulty will be met in attempting to enforce it; that the means for carrying it into effect are inadequate, and that litigation will probably follow the effort to collect. In fact, litigation, and consequent delay, seem to be inevitable. Some corporations, for example, that objected to full assessments on the ground that they already paid local taxes on their franchises, thereby obtained an exemption to the amount of all such taxes. They are now taking advantage of the benefit thus obtained to claim large exemptions which the State cannot possibly grant. The result will be that the law must make its slow way through the courts. But the Governor, notwithstanding the discouragement and the opposition that he has encountered, says, vigorously, that the principle of the franchise tax is "here to stay." He says that the tax was framed for the purpose of securing exact and equal justice, and not for the purpose of persecuting or oppressing corporations. "It is intended," he adds, "that property which derives its value from the grant of a privilege from the public shall be taxed proportionately to the value of the privilege granted." The question of greatest importance, now that the law is on the statute-books, is, of course, how is the value of the franchise to be determined?

At this point in his message Mr. Roosevelt, evidently intent not only upon imposing just burdens on the corporations, but upon setting them as nearly right as is possible in the public estimation, says that, "in view of the loose accusations that are sometimes made as to improper corporate influence, it is worth while pointing out that during the year 1899 not a single corporation has received at the hands of the State of New York one privilege, by law or otherwise, to which it was not entitled, and which was not in the public interest." The special interest of this statement lies in the fact, as must be known to all who are familiar with the character of our law-makers at Albany, that this singular freedom of the State from corrupt corporation legislation was not due to them, but must be wholly credited to the stalwart and aggressive honesty of the Governor.

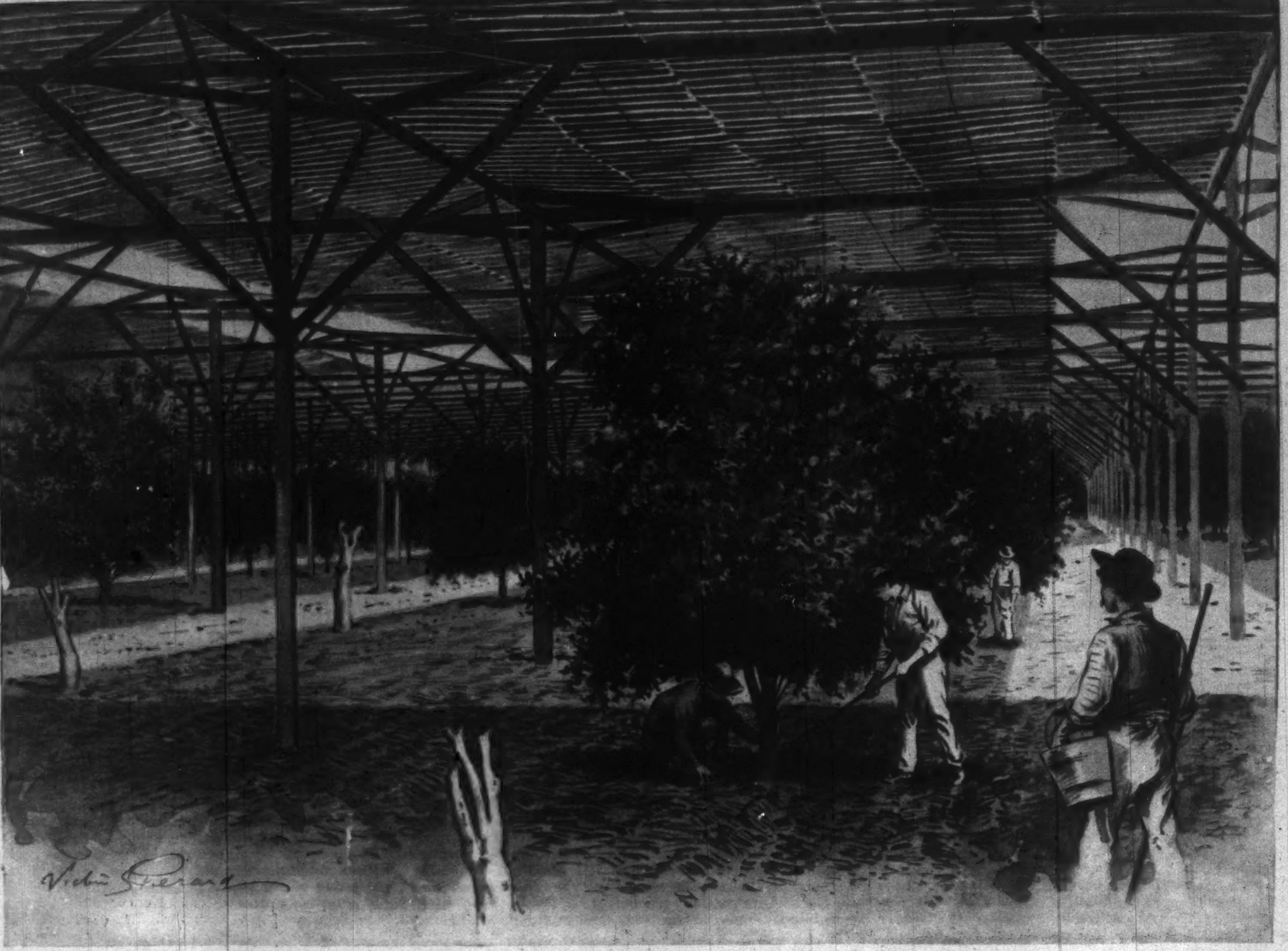
Still treating of corporations, the Governor discusses very briefly the subject of public utilities. There is a good deal of debate going on as to the advisability of municipal ownership of these utilities. New York owns its water-works and all their necessary accessories for storage and distribution of water. Shall the municipalities of the State own and operate the gas-works, the telegraph and telephone lines, and the surface and elevated railroads? Where is municipal ownership to begin and where is it to end? Probably the most imminent effort looking to increasing municipal control over a public utility is in respect of gas; but the Governor does not add to the discussion, contenting himself with saying generally that no general rule can be laid down, and that the question as to each possible subject of municipal ownership must rest on its own merits.

TRUSTS

Doubtless the part of the message which will be read with most interest and regarded as of the first importance is that on trusts. It may be that some people, who expect a party platform or a formulated bill from the chief executive in his annual message, will be disappointed; but they will be unreasonable, for Governor Roosevelt speaks much more frankly on the subject than any other executive officer whose message has yet appeared. I do not count, of course, the messages in which their authors have been content to strike blindly at all combinations of capital under the generic and usually incorrect title of trusts. Mr. Roosevelt, as has been said, recognizes the natural tendency towards combination as useful as well as modern, and at the very outset of his discussion of the subject of taxation urges the Legislature not to try to apply revolutionary or hysterical remedies. He says now that existing legislation against trusts is not one whit more intelligent than the mediæval bull against comets, and it has not been one particle more effective. Probably no one who has had any official duty to perform under this legislation will disagree with the Governor on this point. There is, as the message points out, a vast difference between corporations, large and small. Some are honest, and some are not. There are men, as the Governor says, who amass great wealth at the expense of their fellows, and who "stand as low morally as any predatory mediæval nobleman, and are more dangerous members of society." What is said of individuals is also true of corporations, and the laws and the courts should take care of wrong-doers. But there is no reason to put a burden on honorable corporations on account of the sins of the unworthy few. The Governor denies that he recommends burdening enterprise, but he does urge the passage of laws which shall hold all corporations to a rigid accountability for acts that mislead upright investors or stockholders, or that defraud the public. He proposes to attain his object through publicity, a burden of taxation having already been imposed on many of the great corporations through the franchise-tax law. This is going as far as any one has yet gone in proposing a remedial measure for the acknowledged evils of trusts, although it has always seemed strange that no head of a State government has ever explicitly favored the enactment of a strict law requiring the Attorney-General to institute proceedings for the annulment of the charter of any corporation that is guilty of the more serious of the ills and abuses which Governor Roosevelt details. It may be answered that there is law enough; but if there is, it is either difficult of enforcement or else Attorney-Generals have forgotten it. Mr. Roosevelt enumerates these as the most serious abuses of the trusts: "1. Misrepresentations or misconduct regarding material facts connected with the organization. 2. Organization and conduct of business that puts the interests of the majority of the stockholders at the mercy of the small minority. 3. Evils connected with unscrupulous promotion. 4. Over-capitalization. 5. Unfair competition, resulting in the crushing out of competitors who themselves do not act improperly. 6. Raising prices. 7. Wielding of increased powers over the wage-earner.

These are practically all the evils which have been pointed out by expert investigators of the subject, but no official statement of them has heretofore been made. This statement would give to an intelligent legislature a working basis for a law, and if the Legislature of New York, by reason of lack of intelligence, or for any other reason, does not take advantage of the opportunity, the public mind will have at least been given a chance to look upon these "monsters" from a definite point of view. Mr. Roosevelt has at least done his part towards leading those who will take the trouble to read carefully this part of the message, out of the maze into which they have wandered after the Bryans and other generalizers of the country.

It is impossible to enter into the minor details of the message. These are its principal points, and the message as a whole is noteworthy because its discussion of public questions indicates the familiarity of a student and the mental and moral attitude of one whose leading purpose as Governor is the promotion of the public welfare.



CALIFORNIA ORANGE ORCHARD ROOFED OVER.

Roofing Over Orange Orchards in Southern California

WHAT, in the opinion of leading orange-growers, is destined to revolutionize the methods of growing that fruit has been introduced and has successfully passed the stage of experimentation in Riverside County, California. This is the roofing over of entire orchards, placing a latticed ceiling above the trees, converting acres and acres of ground into a continuous enclosure, making of the area a perfectly equable hot-house. This method was introduced and is employed upon the largest scale by the Everest Rancho, near Arlington Place, in Riverside County, and the success of the venture has caused several other ranchers to cover portions of their orchards, with intention presently to extend the same. Undoubtedly for many reasons, but for those chiefly that are economic, the method will within a few years be largely adopted, and there are experts who declare that, saving the comparatively few trees that are in the frostless belts of California, every orchard in the State will have to get under roof, or the men running them will have to quit business.

On the Everest place there are seventeen acres under cover, and the present winter is the second which the trees have experienced thus protected. The results of the undertaking were carefully watched, and quite definite appreciation of the service of a cover is now in hand. The cause of the invention was to save crops from loss by frost and winds. The high winds which sweep from the ocean across the citrus areas of California do as much damage to the fruit as do the frosts. Upon such occasions a large percentage of the crop is shaken from the trees while yet immature, and much of the balance that remains is so scratched and lacerated by brushing thorns and branches that it cannot be graded much above the quality of culls. These disasters occur in about one out of every four years, while during all winters there is more or less damage from frost. Frost is an insidious enemy of the orange. Attacked by it, the fruit will appear perfectly sound, the skin will not be wilted nor discolored, and the weight and firmness will not be appreciably diminished; but when it is cut into, the cells will be found to be void of juice, and the pulp will be a mass of pith. Many orchardists have, without knowing that their oranges have been bitten, shipped their crops to Eastern markets, incurring thereby the heavy expense of freight, only then to discover that much of their product was unsaleable.

It was to avoid these disappointments and losses that the Everest Rancho was covered. Experience has shown that the roof makes a difference of 5° Fahr. between the temperature beneath it and beyond it. In other words, it makes the difference which determines the saving of a crop where otherwise it would be lost. And not only is the crop destroyed, but the young shoots are wilted as well, and the growth and full bearing power of the tree are cut back for three years. During the past winter the thermometer on the outside of the cover ranged many nights at 26°, and occasionally fell to 22°, and sometimes, during early mornings, as low as 20°. Oranges of all varieties upon exposed trees were badly bitten, the only ones escaping being those far in the foliage of the trees; those under cover, however, came out perfectly free from even a taint of the low temperature.

The trees beneath the roof are of course perfectly secure from harmful disturbance by the winds. Moreover, they do not become attacked by the dust which the winds carry, which seemingly in some manner interferes with the growth of the fruit, and at least necessitates washing the oranges after picking and before sending to market, entailing considerable labor and resulting in a less fresh-appearing fruit. The covered oranges are strong and hale, solid, juicy, and of full sweetness. They are in quality nearly a grade above the oranges that grow upon the outside. The ordinary falls from the tree are about half as many in the covered orchard as compared with trees upon the outside, wherefore the covered trees yield larger crops. But one of the greatest advantages of the covered method is that the ground can do with an application of about half as much water as is required without the roof. This is a country where success of horticulture is largely a matter of water, and where water is scarce is a consideration of no slight moment. It may cost one hundred dollars to irrigate an orchard of this size, and it may require ten applications of water per year; but there have been times under most water systems when the fluid was not to be had for any sum, and crops were short or were lost because of shortage of water. In such an exigency, if any crop matured, it would be that of the orchard under roof. The wind currents being arrested beneath the cover, they do not carry away the moisture-laden atmosphere close to the ground and replace it with dry air, which again draws moisture, as is the case in groves without a roof; and again, the strong sunshine being shut out, moisture is not drawn off in this way, and the surface of the land is not baked and hardened, requiring frequent cultivating, as is the case with the open orchards.

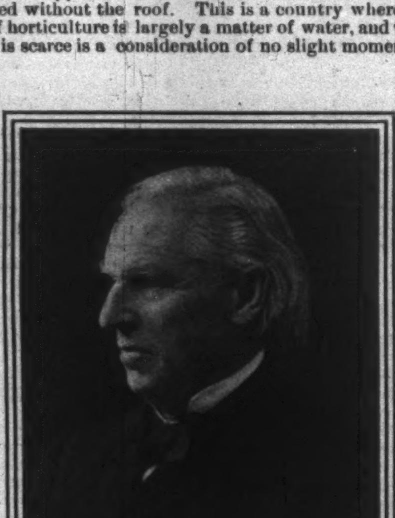
The arbors are built of redwood, being comprised of posts, laths, strips, braces, and wire. The posts are 18 feet long, set three feet in the ground, which allows 15 feet in the clear. They are placed 21 feet 3 inches apart. Girders well braced are then drawn back and forth, after which the entire frame is strung with wires which mesh the structure in two directions. These wires are drawn as taut as possible, a mechanism being used for the purpose. Strips are then nailed along the stringers on top of the wires, whereupon the entire frame is perfectly tight and strong, so that it will not fall, and cannot be blown apart. Such a skeleton will stand secure through the swellings and contractions due to rains and dry weather, and will not work or away in the heaviest storms.

The frame being up, there is next stretched over it lengths of ordinary chicken fencing woven upon a lathing-machine, held together by double strands of wire. The laths are woven one lath's width apart, and they are laid on in rolls of 100 laths each. It requires 500 laths to a tree, or 50.000 laths to an acre of 100 trees.

About $7500 was expended in covering the seventeen acres, or $450 per acre. A covering will stand intact, and without substantial repair, for twenty years. Its annual cost, therefore, may be reckoned at $850, being $375 as one-twentieth part of the actual cost, and $450 per year upon the amount expended, as interest. The saving of one crop, however, would pay for the whole of the construction; but even supposing that there may be no losses upon the outside from frosts or winds in twenty years, then the superior fruit produced by the cover, the saving in water, and the larger crops would more than pay the amount of annual expense as computed above. And what is more, the grower can carry around with him a mind free from anxiety and worry lest his crop might be lost by a change in the weather. His roof is an insurance; for if the weather becomes severely cold, instead of lighting fires to spread smoke, or throwing expensive steam jets here and there through the rows, as has heretofore been the method, he will top the cover with light canvas, whereupon the thermometer may safely go as low as it is possible for it to descend in the California Valley climate.

It will cost many millions of dollars to cover the orange orchards of California, but when this is done the crops will be absolutely secure against failure, and the orange-growing industry will be as certain in its returns as any industry in the world.

JOHN E. BENNETT.



DORMAN B. EATON.
Died December 23, 1899.—[See Page 17.]

Notes from the Capital

WHEN the Senate reassembles, the first business which will be taken up in open session will be the currency bill which Senator Aldrich reported just before adjournment. The understanding is that this bill is to be passed substantially as reported. Then it will go into conference—presumably before February 1—and sometime in February will go to the President for signature. When the history of this administration is written, it will be found that the Treasury Department has had as much to do with framing this currency measure as either House of Congress. The smoothness which has marked the progress of the measure is an evidence of the great influence which President McKinley wields at the Capitol. No other President probably has ever had such power in the legislative branch of government.

All the preliminaries of the action of Congress in the matter of the currency were arranged before the session began; and Senator Aldrich did not call at the White House until the day before the holiday recess.

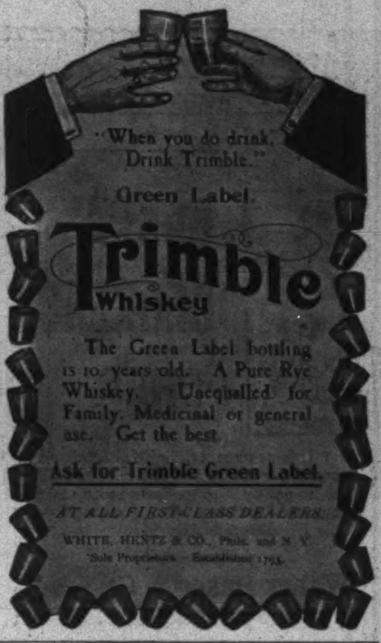
The executive session of the Senate promises to be less interesting than it was in the last Congress. Senator Davis, the chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, will call up the Samoan treaty as soon as Congress reassembles, and it is expected to go through with little debate. No serious talk of opposition has been heard, and if there is any variation of the programme now planned it will be in the offering of a resolution declaring that it is not our intention to annex Tutuila at any time without the consent of the people. This might bring on the Philippines debate, which threatens to break out at any minute. But that will not continue very long in secret session. Secret debate on that matter would not be at all to the taste of Senator Hoar or Senator Mason, especially the latter. In fact, a secret debate, except on treaty matters, is an empty thing, because no one in the Senate expects to change votes by logic or eloquence, and speeches are made for the *Congressional Record* and the country. It is a fact that most of the proceedings in secret session get to the country just as they did in the days when James R. Young, of Philadelphia, was Executive Clerk of the Senate, but they do not bear the seal or semblance of authority as they were then supposed to do.

Young was removed from his position because he was part owner of a Philadelphia newspaper, and intimate with newspaper correspondents; and the fact that the secret debates continue to leak out convinced his enemies in the Senate that he was innocent of the charge of revealing them. He has had his sweet revenge, for he is now a member of the House of Representatives from Pennsylvania, and can boast of the biggest majority of any Republican there.

With the beginning of the session of Congress the end is a prominent topic. All the new members accept unquestioningly the statement of the older ones that an adjournment will be had by June 1. That is the approximate date Senator Allison fixed in a conversation with me a few days ago. Mr. Allison says he looks for nothing momentous to come from Congress at this session. It will talk of many things, pass the customary appropriation bills, and adjourn. It is the desire of the administration, it is said, to have Congress adjourn before the conventions meet. It might as well be out of session in convention weeks, because business is practically suspended while the conventions are meeting. It is not as it was in the beginning of the republic, when caucuses in Congress chose the party nominee; but Congressmen always form a big and influential part of every convention.

Representative Sibley of Pennsylvania has cut loose from the Democratic party on the currency question, and intends to vote for expansion. He says he still honors the men, like Stewart and Teller, who conscientiously worked and voted for silver in the past, but he thinks that these two in particular have too much intelligence not to see, as he does, that free coinage at 16 to 1 is a dead issue. He attributes to this conviction Mr. Stewart's determination not to speak at length on the currency bill. The common impression is that Mr. Stewart's silence will be due to his assignment to some desirable committee places by the Republican caucus. Mr. Sibley is an original character and one of the most interesting in Congress. He is the first member to come out in an automobile. Mr. Sibley, like many other public men, keeps a book of clippings; but, unlike many Congressmen, he does not have the sheep and the goats separated. Pleasant and abusive paragraphs go in side by side. When Mrs. Sibley remonstrated with him about saving the unpleasant ones, he said: "If my grandchildren should read only the pleasant things that have been printed about me, they'd think I had to wear lead on my shoe soles to keep from floating straight up to heaven; but when they read the good and the bad together, they'll say to each other that their ancestor was just an average American citizen—and I guess that's about right."

GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.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The World of Finance

THE week or ten days following the recent flurry on the New York Stock Exchange, referred to in our notes of last week, was a period of slow and somewhat painful recovery. Few had been seriously hurt, except individual speculators who had been overloaded with securities of doubtful value, carried upon loans subject to call. It was a speculators' "panic," caused by overdoing earlier in the year, when money was easy, and a forced liquidation when the money-market was stringent. The trouble was almost wholly local. In Boston there was one wrecked bank, the Globe National, and another forced to suspension, the Broadway, but the trouble there was also local, caused by the collapse of speculation in inflated copper stocks, the failure of the great pork-packing concern of J. P. Squire & Co., and the bad management of the Globe Bank in making unsecured or, in any event, badly secured loans to its former president. That institution, which was one of the leading banks of Boston, seems to have been completely broken.

These local disturbances caused no interruption of the general activity in business, and reports of prosperous conditions continue to pour in from all parts of the country. Although the break in the New York Stock Exchange was laid to a tight money-market, the rate for ordinary loans on commercial paper and good collateral security continued to be made at six per cent., a rate that had been prevailing for weeks, and there was no difficulty in raising money for any purpose except carrying stocks. In fact, the action of the banks in promptly offering money on call in liberal amount brought the rate for such loans promptly to a normal level. This action was undoubtedly intended to allay the panicky feeling, and stop any tendency to hold back money when it was in demand, though the stringency was quite real. It had existed for some time, and was due to the constant demand for funds for legitimate use, and the gradual accumulation in the banks in preparation for the large disbursements at the end of the year for settling corporate indebtedness in interest, the payment of January dividends, etc. As these payments are made, there will be some relief to the tension, the money finding its way again into the loan and investment market.

Action of some interest for the relief of the money-market was taken by the Secretary of the United States Treasury in ordering all the receipts from internal revenue taxes to be paid into depository banks instead of the Sub-Treasury, for thirty days, thereby accumulating some $30,000,000 of the government surplus in the banks, where it will be kept in circulation. Meantime the surplus in the Treasury itself is liable to be drawn down to about the same extent. This method of placing government funds in the banks is necessary, because if once paid into the Sub-Treasury they cannot be transferred, and the law requires all customs receipts to be so paid. To simplify and expedite the process of distributing the internal revenue receipts among the banks applying for the deposits and putting up the required bonds for their security, the Secretary of the Treasury made the National City Bank of New York an agency for receiving all the deposits from the collectors, and distributing them to the other designated depositories, according to their pro rata shares, under direction of the United States Treasurer at Washington.

The Christmas holidays had a somewhat quieting effect upon the financial world, especially at the European centres. London has been in a waiting mood, but still bears the chief stress of an uncomfortable situation on account of the South-African war and its consequences. The Bank of England's demand for gold grew more strenuous with the home requirements of the closing year upon the top of the war necessities. The Reichsbank at Berlin put its discount rate up to 7 per cent., and the Bank of France advanced its rate from 3½ to 4½ per cent. to prevent gold from going to London. The report that the latter institution would loan $10,000,000 from its ample store was not verified by action, and the Bank of England began to draw from New York by simply putting up the price for American bars and eagles sufficiently for the purpose. This did not materially affect the rate of exchange for ordinary mercantile transactions. Neither did the drawing of a moderate amount of gold from this country cause the least apprehension, though it comes at a time when the credit balance must be largely in our favor in London, and when the current of gold generally sets this way. We were never so abundantly supplied with the precious metal as now, and we can amply afford to furnish it to relieve the stress in England, well knowing that it will come back to us when the stress is over. The general situation all around may be described as one of rather uncomfortable tension, so far as the money-supply is concerned, which is likely to be relieved by a turning of the monetary tide with the new year.

Strenuous efforts are being made in some quarters to run to earth the individuals responsible for the circulation of rumors inimical to the credit of certain corporations.